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## THE BELLE OF THE ORIENT:

—OR,—

## THE HINDOO MERCHANT'S LEGACY.

### A Story of the East and West.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XXII.

"LA VENT D'OUEST."

The weather had cleared, though the wind still blew hard and fresh from the south-westward. There was not a sip of water in the long-boat, nor a bit of biscuit, even, to allay hunger. The passengers and one of the crew—five souls in all—were still on board the little craft, athirst and hungered, but with no prospect of present relief.

They felt that they were better off, however, than they could have been to have tarried longer upon the deck of the Emperor, whose fate they were ignorant of, but which they had no good reason to believe had escaped the jaws of destruction which were wide agape for her, when they were forced away from her side. They regretted that more of the crew had not found their way into the boat, to share with them the sufficient, but still far lessened perils they were now subjected to; but regrets were in vain, and they stood off before the breeze, with their sluggish boat and flimsy *sail*, without compass or probable destination.

Before the sun had set, a cry suddenly went up from the sailor in the long-boat, that started the weary souls to their feet. "*Sail ho!*" he shouted, at the very top of his sturdy lungs, as he strained his eyes and pointed across the water.

"Where away!" answered Hargreve, looking up, but responding thus from habit, rather than otherwise, for all hands could plainly see a brig hull down to windward, directly in their wake!

The helm was put up, the long-boat went off again, and half an hour afterward they hailed the welcome straggler. It proved to be a French vessel, the "*Vent d'ouest*," bound to Marseilles, from London. She came up in the wind immediately, her boat was lowered away, the story was quickly told, and the sufferers were immediately taken on board the brig, where they were comfortably provided for, as she proceeded on her course to the southeast. Five days afterwards, the rescued passengers were comfortably housed, at the Hotel de Marronne, in the port of Marseilles.

As soon as they had had time to recuperate a little, Hargreve proceeded on to Boulogne with Katrin, intending to take passage home by the first opportunity. His fair charge had been too much exposed, however, in the previous few days, and had taken a severe cold in the midst of the storm, which terminated in a violent illness. On their arrival at Boulogne, she was unable to proceed on, a physician was called, who pronounced her to be in too critical a condition to be moved further, and she was placed under the care of a nurse, whom Hargreve procured, forthwith. On the following day, a settled fever exhibited itself, and the lieutenant was deeply alarmed to learn from her medical attendant that she was seriously ill!

A letter which Hargreve had despatched for England by a ship that sailed three weeks before he left Calcutta, had reached his friends a month previously to the accident he had now encountered. In that communication, he informed his father that he should return home in the Emperor, probably, which had then just arrived in port, and would leave in the course of three weeks. The family, and that of Mr. Maitland, were anxiously looking for George's arrival; and their feelings may be conceived, upon learning as they did one morning that the Emperor had gone ashore off Brest, and all on board had perished! This intelligence had been brought to England by a barque that sailed in company with her, that had escaped the storm, with considerable danger, and which had picked up a piece of the Emperor's stern-frame next day, to which was attached a portion of the ill-fated vessel's name.

This then was the terrible fate of poor George Hargreve—the kindly and dutiful son, who had braved the dangers of the Indian Ocean to save his father's tottering credit! The boy had been lost, after his unfortunate mishap at Calcutta, after suffering for months from the horrors of a crushed limb, far in a foreign land, after he had been so eminently successful in his voyage, and when he was so near the haven of his youthful hopes—when the result of his aid, so timely placed within his father's reach, had been turned to such good advantage, and at the hour almost when his grateful foster-parent was hoping to clasp the brave youth to his heart, and thank him for his assistance—at such time, and under such circumstances, the Hargreves and the Maitlands were called upon to mourn his violent death, at sea!

So constantly had the time of young Hargreve been occupied, since he arrived at Marseilles, and so confidently did he expect to be able to reach England before any letters could be received at home from him, that he omitted to write at all, until he arrived at Boulogne. As soon as he found himself settled at this place, where he now saw that he would be compelled to remain for some days, at the least, he immediately communicated to his father the details of the wreck, briefly, and informed him of his present safety. In the most delicate manner possible, he also informed him of the occasion of his detention there, and the circumstances that had prompted him to bring to his British home one of India's loveliest daughters.

"She is the only child of the wealthy Sedd Rajab," he concluded; "but, for her renunciation of the Hindoo religion, and for embracing Christianity, the old man disowned her! Tell our friend Mr. Maitland this, and add—by the way—that Rajab died in Calcutta, a few days before we left. His property went in bulk, into his wife's possession, and Katrin (that is his daughter), hasn't a shilling in the world! You will smile, I know, at *this* part of my India speculation! But when you see my Hindoo bird, whom I love with my whole heart, I think—at least, I trust—you will not think I have been indiscreet. She will soon be better, I hope, and, in a little time, I shall, with good luck, have the happiness to present her to you, and to greet my many friends in my own home. My own health is excellent. I have entirely recovered from my late injuries, and I beg you to make my kind regards, once more, to the Maitlands, and my friends."

The sickness that prostrated Katrin did not prove so serious as it had been feared it would be. After a week's detention, she was able to ride out in the open air, and at the end of a fortnight, she ventured to undertake the journey northward, to Paris. Here they halted for a few days, at the end of which, she was quite recovered—and at length the lovers took the diligence for Calais, and crossed the Channel to Dover, in excellent health and revived spirits.

Tarrying at Dover a single day only, they proceeded on by post horses homeward, and reached the handsome residence of Mr. Hargreve, senior, at last, where they were most cordially and affectionately received, and congratulated upon their final escape and safe arrival.

Three hours after they arrived, the good old Mr. Maitland entered the house. He was "a privileged visitor," he said, and did not wait upon etiquette for the opportunity to shake old friends by the hand. He was overjoyed at meeting George Hargreve, and he was honest in his greeting. He had no reason or motive in being otherwise.

"And a charming Indian bird you have brought home with you, my boy," continued Mr. Maitland, happily, as he took the two little hands of the beautiful Katrin. "O, don't mind me," he added, as the girl exhibited a diffidence at his pleasantry; "don't mind me. I am an old Indiaman, myself. I knew your father well, and have made many a rupee out of him, and with him. I introduced George to your father, by letter, when he went out to Calcutta, first, now eighteen months and more ago. And don't you thank me for it, eh!"

"O, then, very much," said Katrin. "And you know my father?"

"Very well indeed, and I regret to learn of his death. I am not surprised that you ran away, George, with this treasure. I claim the privilege, remember, when you are ready for it, to furnish the cage to put her in. You've got the bird, I'll provide the cage, recollect."

"Thanks, sir, thanks. I understand you," said Hargreve.

"Now, come down to Sunnyside, too, right away. To-morrow, and stay a month. I have everything to say to you. Bring Katchum, Katrum, here—what did you say the name was?"

"Katrin, sir, *Katrin*."

"Never mind, then, Katrin. A very pretty name, too, upon my word. Will you come to Sunnyside?"

"Most assuredly," said Hargreve.

"To-morrow?"

"If you insist."

"By all means! You've nothing now to do, but to visit and rest, and we've nothing at all to do, at Sunnyside, you know, but to entertain our friends. So I rely upon you for a month at the least, and forthwith."

There was no resisting this pleasant and earnest invitation, and George promised to take Katrin over with him, on the following evening.

His original purpose had been to have married the runaway beauty, and brought her home *his wife*. But a hundred occurrences prevented this intention; and when they arrived at Paris, he proposed its further postponement, if Katrin were content, until they should reach his friends and relatives, under the circumstances.

To this she readily assented, and they now found themselves in the midst of George's associates, where the lovely foreigner found scores of ready friends, and more than *one* admirer!

### CHAPTER XXIII.

"RIVERDALE."

When the family party went forth upon their morning's ride, from the broad terrace of the estate at Sunnyside, which we described in the opening chapter of this story, we did not call the attention of our readers to a quiet and pretty nook that made up into a sort of bend in the upper road which the Maitlands and their friends then traversed—a crescent, at the westerly side of Mr. Maitland's broad domain—which was known, from its peculiar situation, as *Riverdale*.

This estate was originally the property of an affluent neighbor, but had been purchased of him by Mr. Maitland, latterly, and had been very beautifully refitted and ornamented, to suit his own generous tastes and fancy. The grounds, and walks, and drives, and gardens of Riverdale had all been renovated and remodelled. New conservatories had been built by Mr. Maitland, a variety of exquisite statuary had been placed in sightly and appropriate spots over the grounds, fountains had been established, the buildings and stables and lodges had all been refurnished and put in perfect order, and Riverdale, though comparatively modest in dimensions and area, was a very delightful and pretty estate. The chief roads were all opened into the main drive-ways that communicated with Sunnyside, and the stranger there would suppose, from appearances, that both belonged to the same estate.

What his purpose was, in purchasing and reinventing this beautiful place, no one knew, for he never afforded any one the slightest information on the subject. His wealth was immense, and his income very great, and he chose to expend his money when and where it pleased his taste and leisure.

The affairs of Mr. Hargreve, senior, suddenly assumed a new turn, entirely. About the time that he received the sum due to his son, from the owners of the Sea Gull, one of his principal debtors—a man for whom he had become responsible in a large amount—who was honest in principle, but unable to pay, became the heir, very unexpectedly to a handsome portion, in the funds. Like an honorable merchant as he was, he came forward at once, and not only relieved Hargreve from his future liabilities for his account, but immediately paid over to him the entire amount he had before disbursed for him, with interest! At about the same time, a fortunate investment had been made by Mr. Hargreve which turned him out a splendid profit, and he was able to get along admirably, and refund, in bank, to his son's future order, every shilling he had used of his money. When young Hargreve arrived in Southampton, therefore, he found a credit to his account in the Branch Bank of England there, for nearly forty-five thousand pounds! A matter which very agreeably surprised him, but which did not come amiss he thought, after the circumstances had been explained to him by his father.

"When I came to settle your affairs of the Sea Gull with her owners," concluded his parent, "I offered my old friend Maitland such amount as was his due; but he denied having any claim upon you, George. How is this?"

"More than I know," said the lieutenant.

"Not a penny of the money would he touch, nevertheless!"

"I owe him eleven thousand pounds, and a year's interest on it, notwithstanding," replied George, entirely at a loss to comprehend this.

"Maitland said to me, 'use the money, Hargreve. When the boy returns, I will arrange any affairs that exist between us to our own satisfaction. Use the money. I have no possible use with it; you have.' And he would not take a shilling of it, in any way."

"That accounts for this large amount to my credit, then, I see. I supposed I had made about twenty thousand pounds upon the outward and homeward voyages; but I have done much better than this, even deducting the amount of twelve thousand due to Mr. Maitland."

"Yes. Your cargo came in opportunely, and sold excellently well. You did better than you calculated."

"Well, I will adjust the whole matter with Mr. Maitland, at our leisure; he is very liberal," said George, and he started for Sunnyside, as he had agreed. Katrin joined him, and they found the people there very anxiously awaiting them. They were cordially welcomed, the weather was delightful, and there was ample promise of present enjoyment before them.

Riverdale had been re-fashioned by Maitland, with the intention of presenting it to Mr. Hargreve, senior, whom he desired should be located near him; he had no idea that George was so near to being married, while he was doing this; but when he returned, and Maitland learned of his intentions in this respect, he changed his purpose at once, and resolved to give this place to his *nephew*, and provide another for the foster-father and old friend. But he reserved, for the future, all his amiable plans, and did not speak to any one, at present, about them.

Katrin's presence at Sunnyside acted like a charm upon the gay circle of visitors there. There was so much of romance in her history, as they had briefly learned its details, that the ladies were delighted with her, though some who met her there, envied her her gentleness and glorious beauty. The gentlemen, old and young, were in ecstacies about her. Within a few days, the romantic news had spread around, and a throng of fashion crowded to Sunnyside, for several days, subsequently.

During this visit, George Hargreve thought of the interview he had had in Calcutta, with the strange doctor, when he was lying at Rajah's bungalow, and he suddenly asked Mr. Maitland one day:

"Did you ever know one Maylock, or Mairlock, sir—who dwelt in this region, twenty years ago?"

"No," said Maitland. "There was a Marlock, here, I think, some years since."

"That is it, I was mistaken. Marlock, I mean."

"Why did you ask?"

"Nothing particular, sir. There was a Glessin also—Henry Glessin, too; was there not?"

"Yes, yes," said Maitland, astonished at these queries.

"Since you have been kind enough to reply so promptly," said Hargreve, "I will tell you why I have thus questioned you."

"I am very desirous to know."

"Well, then—when I was lying at Calcutta, with my broken limb, there came a doctor in disguise, to see me, who proved to be an Englishman. He observed a mark upon my shoulder, an old scar, which he pretended to recognize; and finally declared to me that my name was *not* Hargreve, but *Glessin*—that is, Glessin was my natural parent, and Hargreve was only my foster-father, who had adopted me, when an infant."

"This is very remarkable," said Maitland.

"But what was more so, sir," continued Hargreve, in a low tone, "he finally declared to me that *he* was no other than *that same Henry Glessin!*"

Maitland started up. "It is not unlikely," he said. "The poor fellow wandered away from home, none knew whither; and he probably brought up at Calcutta. What has become of him?"

"I never saw him after he declared himself to me," said Hargreve. "Is this truth, or romance?" continued the youth, deeply interested.

"The facts are correct. Who this man was, however, I do not know."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Hargreve is *not* my father, sir!"

"This is even so, George—though he has been to you all that a father could have been, surely."

"And so do I esteem him, sir," responded the youth, earnestly.

"Well, George," continued Mr. Maitland, "since this subject is now fairly broached, I will tell you further of the history of the Glessin mystery. Sophia Glessin—your mother—was my own sister."

"Your sister, sir!"

"Yes. The marriage was an unfortunate one, she ran away with Henry, who was not worthy of her. She died, when you were three years old; and you were subsequently adopted, through Marlock's agency, by your present foster-father, Mr. Hargreve."

The details that the reader has already learned, were then recounted to George, by Maitland, who claimed that as he had done what little he had, towards *his own nephew*, the lieutenant should not murmur or refuse to accept his gift; and it was agreed that nothing more should be said about the money which was on deposit to George's credit, but that it should be *his*, principal and interest, to which the youth assented.

It was also arranged that nothing farther should transpire in reference to the Glessin affair, at present—and the private conference between the uncle and nephew terminated, just as they were notified that the horses were in readiness for a drive.

"We will visit Riverdale," said Maitland. "Come, George, let me show you the prettiest spot in the whole country," he continued. And five minutes afterward, the party were on the avenue toward the newly appointed country seat.

The villa—or mansion rather—was situated upon a handsome knoll, and was built in the Gothic style. Upon the southerly side of the sweeping lawn that graced the front of the dwelling, there wound a beautiful river, which emptied itself far away to the west, into Hamble Creek.

The domain belonging to these premises embraced many acres, which were located principally along the valley, or dale-side, of the river, and hence the very appropriate name given to the estate. It was a charming spot, with its rich green fields, its beautiful groves of trees, its park and elegantly furnished grounds, and young Hargreve was delighted with it.

"To what purpose do you propose to appropriate this newly-acquired spot?" inquired Hargreve, after it had been examined.

"I propose to make it a wedding gift to a young lady friend of mine," said Maitland, "who is shortly to be married."

Hargreve did not "take!" But he again declared that Maitland was exceedingly liberal with his surplus fortune!

### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE JEWELLED BROACH.

The casket which old Rajah presented to his daughter on her fifteenth birthday, and which has already been spoken of, contained a magnificent jewelled brooch, of great value. But, so common were these ornaments in India, comparatively, at that period, that Katrin had very seldom worn this, being little inclined to a fancy for such display. The broach had been carefully preserved, however, with her other jewels—with which the East Indian ladies are usually profusely supplied, in proportion to their station and wealth—but she had no idea whatever of its intrinsic value; nor had she ever thought at all about the matter, until her arrival in England.

Her nuptials were now approaching, but she could bring to her husband no dowry, though her father had been—and her mother was, at that moment—in the enjoyment of immense riches; but from which she had been unceremoniously cut off. Yet she did bring to the altar a virgin heart of purity, a brighter, costlier, richer jewel, far, than all the diamonds of India, in itself. It was all that Hargreve craved. He was well situated, pecuniarily, and needed nothing but what fortune had to suddenly pounred into his lap. Still, there was a latent feeling of pride, with Katrin, and she would have been glad, could she have felt that she could contribute to the possessions of her lover something, on her wedding-day, that would be substantial and acceptable to him, though the amount should not be great.

She took her casket down, one day, and examined the contents. It contained her father's last gift, and it was heavy and elegant. She had no conception of its value, but she said, "I do not need this bauble. My father became possessor of these jewels, so he told me, through a laborer in the northern mines—and I have heard and read that in this English clime, round sums are often paid for diamonds and rubies. This setting is not in vogue, here, I observe—and I will have it altered. I may, by this means learn the trinket's value, haply," and she placed it in Hargreve's hands, soon after, with the request that he would hand it to a responsible jeweller, for resetting.

"It is the ruby broach I told you of, George," she said, "and was the last gift my father ever made me—peace to his ashes! It may be val-

unable, for aught I know, and your jeweller will tell us of its worth."

In accordance with this request, Hargreve took the casket to a dealer in gems, and requested to have the stones reset and modernized. He was surprised to observe, as soon as the jeweller beheld it, that he called his partner up to examine it, and to hear their sudden exclamations at its extraordinary beauty.

"Where did this come from?" inquired the principal.

"From India, sir," said Hargreve, "and it is thought to be valuable."

"It is superb!" exclaimed the jewellers, both together. "No such ruby as this centre gem appears to be, has ever been seen, I think, in England! Is it for sale?"

"No, sir, no," replied Hargreve, instantly. "It is the property of a lady from Calcutta, who is now on a visit to this country, who has noticed that its setting is not fashionable, I believe, and who desires it changed."

"Could she not be induced to dispose of the ruby?" continued the jeweller, evidently anxious to possess this magnificent gem, the equal of which he had never seen approached.

"I think not, sir, but I can ask the question. Perhaps she would part with it, for a good consideration, however."

"We are ready to negociate for it," responded the trader in jewels, "and will pay its full value, which is very considerable, if it can be sold."

Hargreve promised to call again, with it, and taking the casket, retired.

As soon as he left the jeweller's premises, he passed down the principal street, crossed to the Jews' quarter of the town, and found an old man who was reputed to be well acquainted with the value of this sort of property—but who did not know the person of young Hargreve at all. The lieutenant entered, looked about him a moment, drew forth the casket, and taking out the broach, placed it before the old man.

"What is this worth, my friend?" asked Hargreve, as he presented the cluster upon his counter.

The old Jew took it, without much apparent care, at first, turned it over, walked to the light, and started, as if something had struck him very sensibly, on a sudden.

"How came you by this?" he demanded, sharply.

"That will be no affair of yours, sir," responded George, in return. "I am not here to answer questions, but for commercial information. I asked you, as a matter of business, what is the trinket's value?"

"*Trinket!*" exclaimed the Jew, clutching the broach firmly in his swarthy hand, "do you call that ruby a trinket? Come, you are a stranger. Shut the doors!" screamed the Jew, "we will see about this trinket."

Hargreve protested against this unexpected and extraordinary treatment, and upon hearing the order given to close the door, he imagined that he had come upon a den of robbers, unawares, who would seize the gem, and murder him, perhaps, on the spot!

"Give me the casket," he shouted, "or I will bring down upon you the vengeance of the law."

"When you show where you obtained its contents," said the Jew, "not before. Do you know that this ruby is not equalled by the proudest gem of its kind that graces the costliest coronet in all this kingdom? It has been stolen, sir—stolen, from some crown! Answer then, whence you got it, or we hand you over to the authorities, with this evidence against you."

"My name is Hargreve, old man," said George, at last, disposed to avoid any unnecessary scene or trouble. "I am lately from India. My father is a resident merchant of Southampton, here, and you should know him, surely. The broach is the private property of a Hindoo lady, now in town, who is under my protection, and whose father, Sodd Rajah of Calcutta, was one of the wealthiest merchants of that country."

"This is a charming story, young man; but we are looked upon by the community with suspicion, as everybody well knows, and we must be guarded in our conduct. You may be honest, and your representations may be correct, but we must have evidence of it, our duty requires us to hand you, and this valuable property, over to the care of the police."

Here was a precious dilemma for young Hargreve, with his jewelled "trinket!" But he said:

"Will you send for my father?"

"Yes," said the Jews, "yes, if you mean so," and rather more surprised than before, they took Mr. Hargreve senior's address, and became more polite and civil, at once.

"All I ask of you now, is," said George, "that when my father appears, whom you will undoubtedly recognize as one of our citizens, whose name only you did not know, you will not permit him to learn anything of my business here. He will tell you who I am, but I do not want the lady to know that I attempted to *price* this jewel, which she gave me to have reset only."

In a very few minutes, Mr. Hargreve entered the store, and a satisfactory explanation followed, the principal of the establishment remembering his face for many years, previously. Apologies were offered, and congratulations succeeded, in spite of the lieutenant's warning and request.

"You have asked the jewel's value, sir," said the old Jew, "and I will tell you that, if it be for sale, we will give more for it than any other house in England."

"It is not for sale," said George. "But what offer will you make for it, if it is?"

The Jews both took it up, again—examined the great flashing brilliants that surrounded the superb ruby in the centre, re-examined it, and replied:

"Will you not permit us to see this at our leisure, sir? We will receipt for it, and—"

"I shall not suffer it to go out of my sight, sir, of course," said Hargreve, "since it has proved so valuable."

"Will you tarry here, and be seated a few minutes, then," continued the foremost of them, "while we send for our lapidary?"

Hargreve consented, and an ancient lynx-eyed fellow soon after appeared, to whose hands and inspection the broach was submitted.

He turned it over, poised it between his fingers, examined it faithfully, and said, "it ish 'an'some, very."

The trio of worthies then put their heads together, for consultation. Hargreve had got wearied with their "backing and filling," as he called it, and demanded the casket and its contents.

"Ish dis for shale?" asked the old lapidary, as he came forward with the box and broach.

"No, sir, no!"

"Vot shum will purshas it, den?"

"Nothing. I am not at liberty to part with it, at any price. Will you—*can* you tell me its market value?"

"Vell," said the lapidary, slowly, "I am not a merchant, I do not buy. Mr. Moshes, here, might pay shix tousand poun's for dis, if it can be shold."

"Six thousand pounds!" exclaimed Hargreve.

"Yes, dat ish, for the sheven brilliants, and the big red shtone."

Hargreve placed the casket in his breast-pocket and turned to go out.

"Before you dispose of it, you will call again, sir, will you not?" asked Mr. Moses.

"I will see, when the jewels are for sale," replied George; and with his treasure, he made the best of his way out of the Southampton Jews' *quartier!*

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE HINDOO GIRL'S DOWRY.

When Hargreve returned home with his lady's treasure, he informed Katrin that he had not left it to be re-fashioned, because he had unexpectedly discovered that the broach was of such high value that he did not like to trust it in strange hands; and he desired, moreover, to know what were Katrin's views in reference to its disposal, provided he had not been misinformed regarding its probable value.

"Sell it, by all means, George," said Katrin, instantly. "I have no possible need of it, and have smaller jewels in plenty, if I fancy them at all. I supposed it had an intrinsic value, but you know I have never had occasion, or the opportunity, to look into such business matters. When my father presented this to me, I recollect he said something about his belief that the stones were very choice; that is all I ever heard or thought about it. The broach was always too large and heavy for my taste, and I think I never wore it but thrice. Sell it, for me, whenever you think proper."

George Hargreve repaired to the establishment where he had first shown the broach, and inquired what the jewellers were willing to pay for it.

"Well, sir," said the principal, "since you were here, we have mentioned this matter to another house, and we propose to purchase it, jointly, at its fair value. It is far more costly a jewel than you have any idea of, probably—and no house in Southampton would care to risk its purchase, alone."

"What can you give for it?"

"Well, then, I am authorized to offer you ten thousand sterling, for the star. The ruby is worth four thousand pounds. The brilliants about a thousand pounds, each, sir."

Hargreve saw that Katrin had a fortune, after all!

"Is this ruby worth no more than the sum you have named, gentlemen?" Examine it, once more. Do you observe the large deep-colored centre?"

"Well, we will not price an article that we desire to purchase. Will you name what you ask for it?"

"I will not sell the ruby short of ten thousand pounds, gentleman!" said Hargreve, firmly. "At the first European coronation, I will get twice that sum for it, from a London house, I am sure."

"And the diamonds?" inquired the jeweller.

"Those I will reserve."

"Well, but the guardianship, the value of this precious stone is great, but uncertain. We have never yet seen anything that rivalled it, in size and purity. As you have remarked, a prince or king alone could afford to buy and keep it, and such a patron might, in time, be found for it. We will remove the ruby, and pay you the price you have now named for it."

Hargreve took a check for the amount, gave an order to have the diamonds hand-somely reset, and half an hour afterwards paid over to the astonished Katrin ten thousand pound notes of the bank of England, for the principal jewel of her broach.

Within six months from that day, the fortunate purchasers resold this splendid gem to a Gorman prince, for twice ten thousand guineas, and it now ornaments a European crown!

This little fortune was deposited in the English funds, at interest, and Katrin was very much happier to know that she was not a pauper. She could now present her husband with a very pretty dowry; and she reserved the gift for her wedding day.

Hargreve soon afterwards found himself again at Southampton, enjoying the hospitality of his kind friend and uncle—Maitland.

"I hear," said the old gentleman, "that you are soon to wed the beautiful Indian girl you brought home with you, George?"

"You are right, sir."

"It is very proper you should do so," continued Mr. Maitland; "and the sooner the better. You are now possessed of a comfortable fortune, and I propose to enlighten you a little. You remember Riverdale?"

"Yes, sir—with great pleasure. It is a delightful spot."

"I told you, I think, that I intended that place as a marriage-gift to a young lady friend of mine; did I not?"

"Yes, I think so."

"It will be a marriage portion for your Katrin, when she weds my nephew," added Maitland. "Shall we not ride over once more, and examine it, at our leisure, George?"

Hargreve was again astonished, but he joined his friend, and they proceeded to the villa, at once.

They wandered over the beautifully ornamented grounds, and through the oak-shadowed avenues of Riverdale, where everything that was agreeable to the eye greeted them, from point to point, as they sauntered on, in happy conversation.

They passed over the elegantly furnished mansion, too, and Hargreve could suggest no improvement, no addition whatever, to the tasteful and generous appointments of the dwelling.

"Here, George," continued Mr. Maitland, "here, beneath these spacious groves, in the midst of this convenient and comfortable arrangement, I think you can enjoy life, agreeably. You will be my near neighbor, when you take possession here, and I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you enjoy yourself, with your youthful and peerless wife, as few persons can ordinarily hope to do. But you have been peculiarly fortunate, of late, and I rejoice at your success. This is the 'cage' I spoke to you of; when you are ready, depoit your beautiful bird within it, and may you be as happy with this gift as I am in being able to bestow it upon so worthy a recipient."

"This shall be *Katrin's*, then, sir?"

"Yes; I have so provided, in the deed of it. When do you wed?"

"Within this month, sir."

"And where?"

"At my father's house."

"I do not like that arrangement so well. I shall offer no serious interference, but I propose that you shall be married at Sunnyside, and I will give away the bride—why not?"

"I presume there will be no objection to this, if you desire it so, my dear sir."

"Then so be it. I will see your father, in the meantime. Your family will all join us here, and the plan will much better suit my fancy."

This was the final arrangement, then; and young Hargreve proceeded to carry out his uncle's generous intentions. The family of Hargreve were rather pleased, than otherwise, with the idea, and it was settled that the wedding of George and Katrin should be solemnized at the beautiful mansion of John Maitland, Esq.

The magnificent wardrobe that Katrin had taken with her from India, had been lost in the Emperor, but she did not lack for anything after reaching England—and she was now busy in preparation for her nuptials, which were to take place at Sunnyside within a week.

George Hargreve had as yet said nothing to his parents, or to Maitland, about his business intentions after he should be married. But he purposed another venture in the East! There were two reasons that induced him to entertain the idea of another voyage to China; the first was to increase his worldly means to what he then deemed would be a satisfactory sum to live upon, at home—and the second was to ascertain whether, under the Indo-British laws of Calcutta (in case of the death of Katrin's mother), the daughter could not be made recognizable as the rightful future heir of the immense estate which it was known Sodd Rajah left at his decease.

These two objects, but especially the last named, were of consequence to him; and he thought they were worth the time and trouble that would be required for looking after the results. He proposed to purchase an interest in some outward-bound Indiaman, at his convenient leisure, after the wedding, and to proceed to Canton and Calcutta once more, for these purposes.

How this determination on his part would be received by his wife (that was to be), and by his uncle, and parents, he did not know! But he made up his mind to carry out his plan—and his nuptial day at length came round.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE BRIDE AT SUNNYSIDE.

A line of splendid equipages had passed up the great avenue, and had deposited their burthens at the broad terrace that fronted the mansion of the Maitlands, at Sunnyside. The occasion which drew so many of the friends of Mr. Maitland together, had been the topic of conversation in the fashionable circle of Southampton, and vicinity, for several days, and the wedding of the season, the nuptials of Katrin, the "belle of the Orient," with Lieutenant George Hargreve, late of the H. B. M. Navy, was to be consummated on that evening.

The Hindoo beauty had had no hint of what remained in store for her, as soon as she responded to the name of Mrs. Hargreve, neither Maitland nor her lover having mentioned a syllable to her in regard to the intention of the former, respecting Riverdale. While, at the same time, Katrin had contrived a little surprise for her future husband; which she proposed to present to him, in the shape of a certified check on the bank of England, for the sum of ten thousand guineas.

"Isn't this a delightful romance?" said a beautiful English lady to a friend present, alluding to the approaching marriage.

"It is, indeed," was the response. "Have you met the bride?"

"O, yes; and a delightful person she is, too."

"I have not seen her, yet. She is called pretty."

"Beautiful, upon my word! A very *houri* in her personal charms, and as good as she is comely."

"What is her story?"

"A curious one, very—have you never heard it?"

"Not authentically. We have it that she is a runaway Hindoo girl; young, impulsive, rich as Croesus, dark-eyed, jewel-bedizened—and all that—eh?"

"Well. The lady is young, not yet twenty, and Hargreve, who was supercargo on board an Indiaman, some months ago, met her with her father—one Rajah—on the passage out from Calcutta to Hoang Keang. They became enamored of each other, and returned together to Calcutta, subsequently, where their intimacy was renewed. Old Rajah frowned upon the suit, and Hargreve, like a true Briton, pushed his claim the more earnestly. He met with an accident—"

"Of course," said the other.

"No, it was true. He was borne to Rajah's house, in a very critical state, and his vessel came home without him. She attended him."

"Yes, I see!"

"And when he recovered, the old man continued obdurate, and refused to listen to her or him. The girl renounced the Hindoo religion, and embraced Christianity. Old Rajah, her father, suddenly died, at length—"

"Poisoned?" queried the other.

"No, no! From some internal disease, of long standing, I hear."

"And what then?"

"Why Hargreve took the beauty and her fortune, I presume, and sailed for London. Why not?"

"To be sure, why not? Bravo! George Hargreve," exclaimed the lady's friend, "you acted like a man, and a bonnie Englishman! May your happiness be commensurate with your highest expectations!"

The entire resources of Maitland's splendid and extensive establishment were brought into requisition on the happy occasion we have noted, and a gala-day was passing away at Sunnyside, in compliment to the bride and her marriage. Never was there a happier man than was good Mr. Maitland, on this joyous event, and never were the honors of such a *fete* accomplished more fully, and more to the entire happiness of the guests, than was this elegant and well-planned entertainment.

A grand feast was given in the grove, at the southerly side of the estate, which was managed by the chief butler, and to which the neighboring tenantry were invited. Here a merry party gathered, who drank long life to Maitland and the lovers, in swimming bumpers, and made the welkin ring with their joy and hilarity.

The grand drawing-room of the mansion was at length thrown open, and the guests were summoned from the gardens and the walks, to witness the final ceremonies that had drawn them to Sunnyside. The priest was in attendance, and shortly after they were seated, the ante-room door was opened, and the bride and groom entered, flanked by half a score of satin-trailed bridesmaids, and as many fashionably attired groomsmen. The nuptials were soon performed, after the ordinary English Protestant church service, and George and Katrin were quickly made one in marriage.

Never did the lovely Hindoo girl look so winsome as on this evening, when she gave her hand to the only man she had ever loved. Her fair form was richly veiled, but her charms could yet be seen to admirable advantage, beneath the frail Medhin that enveloped her face and figure. There was joy at Sunnyside, and verily George Hargreve was heartily envied the possession of so gentle and beautiful a bride.

"Isn't she lovely?" said an Etonian, to a dashing beau who was looking at the young wife through his glass, as she curtesied gracefully to the congratulations of the company, "by Jove! she's the sweetest woman I ever saw, I think, in my life."

The more experienced Londoner replied, "fairish, fairish. She'll *do*."

"*Do!* Did you ever see so beautiful a girl?"

"O, yes, many of 'em. You haven't been about much, Tommy, my boy, you know," continued the beau, who had been jilted for the third time, at least, of late. "I've seen a great many ladies, in my day; *I* have. She's fair—pretty—so, so-ish. Rather *yellow*, I think. But she'll pass, certainly."

But no one else heard this cavalier opinion, and nobody would have noticed it, if they had! So that matters were not much changed on account of this show of jealousy.

Music and dancing succeeded the wedding. A superb supper was announced at ten, and an hour afterwards, the newly wedded pair departed from Sunnyside for Riverdale, accompanied by George's family relatives, and an appropriate retinue of attendants.

On the following evening, Mr. Maitland sent over the deed of Riverdale, with a request that Katrin would accept that estate as a marriage gift from him. She had already placed in her husband's hands the ten thousand pounds he had received for the ruby, and young Hargreve now found himself master of nearly sixty thousand guineas sterling, besides the estate which Maitland had presented to his wife. Under such fortunate pecuniary circumstances, was it not strange that he still insisted upon another India voyage?

Yet such was the fact! Within one month from the night of his marriage, he announced his purpose to Katrin, and subsequently he informed his father and Mr. Maitland that he should soon depart for the East again.

This was a matter of great surprise to Maitland and his foster-parent, who opposed it strenuously—but without avail. George had resolved and he could not be induced to alter his purpose.

He explained himself to them, but Maitland contended that he did not need the money he might realize, while his chances for securing any portion of old Rajah's property, under the circumstances, were very vague and unpromising. The perils to be encountered were too great, and it was urged that he had much better remain at home with his lovely young wife, than to brave the jeopardy, for an uncertain prospect of good from it.

All their objections were listened to, but George Hargreve had determined to go to Canton, again—and he could not be tempted to swerve from his resolve.

He commenced looking about for the opportunity of investing a few thousand pounds in such a venture, and he was not long in hearing of a good chance. A fine new ship was up for Bombay and Calcutta, at Southampton, and he immediately commenced negociating for a fourth interest in her.

His present adventure was about to be invested in the Marathon, a noble vessel, and he arranged for a portion of her space for freight which he proposed to take out, also, upon private account. Everything passed on well enough, his business was duly despatched, his goods were got on board seasonably, and he was finally ready to take his departure, once more, for the land of the Hindoo—when his loving and gentle wife interposed her last objections to his undertaking this seemingly unnecessary and perilous trip.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

As it had been popularly known, for several weeks before the votes of the electors were officially canvassed, that Washington was unanimously chosen President, his preparations for entering upon the duties of the office were all completed before the arrival of Mr. Thompson at Mount Vernon, on the fourteenth of April. In a letter to General Knox, he says, "As to myself this delay may be compared to a reprieve, for in confidence I tell you, (with the world it would obtain little credit), that my movements to the seat of government will be accompanied with feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of life, nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties." He, however, informed Mr. Thompson that at the end of two days he would be ready to accompany him, and in the meantime paid a visit to his venerable mother in Fredericksburg. On coming into her presence, he said, "The people, madam, have been pleased, with most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States: but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"—Here she interrupted him: "You will see me no more," she said; "my great age, and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always." He was deeply affected; his head rested on the shoulder of his aged parent, whose arm feebly yet fondly encircled his neck. The scene was full of the most touching sublimity. Both the mother and son were dissolved in tears at the thought that they were embracing each other for the last time. There is no fame in the world more pure than that of the mother of Washington, and no woman since the Mother of Christ has left a better claim to the affectionate reverence of mankind.

In his diary he wrote on the evening of the sixteenth: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with Mr. Thompson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hopes of answering its expectations."—*Olive Branch.*

### ANECDOTE OF HOGARTH.

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the End of all Things."

"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which denotes the end of all things, a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump, the butt end of an old fire lock, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, crown tumbling in pieces, towers in ruins, the sign post of a tavern called the world's end tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone and chains which held it falling down, Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked, time with his hour glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play book open, with "exeunt omnes" stamped in the corner, an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken; "finis!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done, all is over."

It is a remarkable and well-known fact that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died in about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail piece.—*Anecdotes of English Artists.*

### EFFECTS OF GUNPOWDER.

Some of the effects of ignited gunpowder are wonderful. When gunpowder is heaped up in the open air and inflamed, there is no report and but little effect produced. A small quantity open, and ignited in a room, forces the air outwards, so as to blow out the windows; but the same quantity confined within a bomb, within the same room, and ignited, tears in pieces and sets on fire the whole house. Count Rumford loaded a mortar with 1-20th of an ounce of powder, and placed upon it a 24-pound cannon; he then closed up every opening as completely as possible and fired the charge, which burst the mortar with a tremendous explosion, and lifted up its enormous weight. In another experiment, Count Rumford confined 28 grains of powder in a cylindrical spare, which it just fitted, and, upon being fired, it tore asunder a piece of iron which would have resisted a strain of 400,000 pounds.—*Scientific American.*

### COOL.

Recently a person appeared in the allied trenches before Sebastopol habited in a blue frock coat closely buttoned to the chin, and closely shaven. He walked through them, asking questions of the men, counted the guns, "touching" them, or putting new vents into them, and making what observations he pleased. Some said he was a Frenchman, and some that he looked like a doctor, but no one suspected he was a Russian till he suddenly bolted away down the front of the battery towards the Russian pickets, under a sharp fire of musketry, through which he had the singular good luck to escape unscathed. He was a spy.—*London News.*

There are times when the most frank and sociable man may surfeit on most loved society, preferring loneliness rather.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## LINES.

BY MARY LOUISE GLAZIER.

Suggested by hearing a lady read, "O, give me back my childhood days!"

O, who would recall the flowers that fall
In childhood's innocent spring;
Or wish in vain to live o'er again
Those days of which they sing.
True, 'tis sweet to look on the rippling brook,
Or gaze on its pebbly bed;
To list to the tweet 'neath the clustering trees,
And the star-spread sky overhead.

Or, 'neath evergreen shades in the fairest glades,
Youth's footsteps may lightly dance;
Still, every age will new joys engage,
To disarm woe's keenest glance.
Only keep the heart pure—ever strive to secure
Those treasures that strengthen the mind;
And we will be gay, though dark is the day,
Our pleasure it never can bind.

Then we can in truth look back on our youth,
With glances of heartfelt joy;
Yet we'll not wish it back to again tread the track,
That might be more mixed with alloy.
But in scenes of love let us praise Him above,
Who this power so kindly has given,
To recall to our gaze those halcyon days,
When life seemed a foretaste of heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

BY ALICE G. ELMENDORF.

The blue sky of June was bending in full beauty over an ancient country mansion on the banks of the Hudson. The beams of the afternoon sun were doing their best to bring to sight all the ravages of time and use in a large apartment in which sat the aged mistress of the house, and one other person. This was a small, rather good-looking man, with a most deferential smile and humble address. He was spreading before the lady some very frightful-looking law papers.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, "this is a painful business, but it is fit that you comprehend it rightly. A lady, to be sure, hasn't much knowledge of the technicalities of the law, but I am certain you understand enough of these documents to know that they substantiate what I have been saying. Shall I read them again, madam?"

"No, no, Mr. Clark, it is not necessary that you set forth to me again the way in which the inheritance of my children has become yours. You have got it all, now, all but this old house and the garden-plot."

"You speak as if I were to blame, madam. The law gave it to me. I did not take it."

"Well, let it pass. About this other affair, now. You say you will secure to me a certain sum yearly, if I will sign a mortgage upon this house—the dwelling where all my children were born."

"So I have told you, madam; merely from a spirit of kindness towards yourself, not from any hope of profit."

Soft was the voice with which this was said, and yet the aged widow raised her eyes to the countenance of her companion, and after a long and melancholy gaze, shook her head and replied:

"I cannot, Mr. Clark, I cannot! Memory is too strong. It brings up the time when my husband lived, and all my merry boys bounded round me in this house—now so lonely and timeworn."

"As you please, madam, as you please," said again the mild voice of Mr. Clark, as he rose and gathered up his papers. "It is for your benefit, not mine."

"Will it do any good, Mr. Clark, if I once more entreat you to be merciful, and spare the portion of my last remaining child?"

"For you distress me, my dear madam, by this constant implying that I am acting a cruel part. This is a plain matter of business in which I am letting my feelings have much more influence than almost any other person would, as the proposal I just now made to you proves,"—and bowing low, Mr. Clark took his leave.

There had been a third individual, an unobserved listener to this conversation—an old negro, who had been standing in the adjoining lobby. He was one of the two remaining attached and faithful dependents of the De Ruyter family—born in the house and formerly owned by old Mr. de Ruyter. His hopes and feelings were identified with them, and his sympathies were strongly excited by the effect produced on his usually resigned mistress by the interview he had witnessed. As he attended Mr. Clark to the door, he could scarcely forbear giving utterance to his sentiments in language perhaps a little too strong to meet the ear of that very mild and courteous gentleman. He returned to his employment of poli-bing his young master's boots, muttering:

"Feelin's! what business he to talk 'bout feeling's? He no more feelin' than this yere ole brush."

"Hallo, Cesar, what are you mumbling there?" cried George de Ruyter, a bright-eyed boy of fifteen.

"Ah, Massa George, smooth, smiling Massa Clark bin up stairs, and it means no good when he comes, I can tell you dat, Massa George;" and Cesar proceeded to communicate to the boy all he saw and feared in connection with the redoubtable Mr. Clark.

As he went on in his whispered tale, he grew more and more energetic in his blacking operations, and twisted his sable features into such grotesque expressions of grief, that George burst into loud fits of laughter. But soon his face sobered, and he took up his fishing-rod and left the kitchen. His steps were bent in the direction of the hills, and ere long, he looked down on the habitation of Mr. Clark.

"Any one would know that for the house of a Yankee wherever he saw it," said he to himself, as he gazed on the neatly-painted frame house, with its bright, green blinds. The fresh, white paint glistened in the afternoon sun, and all the fences and out-buildings wore a compact, trim look, which, as George thought, showed the Yankee. Everything was scrupulously neat, but there was nothing picturesque. Indeed, what can be less so, than most the American cottages? prim, white things, with grass-green blinds.

"It is too new to look like anything," muttered George, turning away with not very pleasant feelings towards Mr. Clark. "And yet," thought he, as he pursued his ramble, "they say he is very kind to some people. There's that old crazy negro of his that he humors in everything. He can have feelings then when it suits him. He is a hard work-master though to his work-people, and harsh to all inferiors. I don't understand that. I should think he was too calculating, too polite for that. He should be true to that Yankee proverb, 'The good-will of a dog is better than the ill-will of his master.'"

The twilight spirit had spread his mantle over the earth as George entered his mother's drawing-room. She was seated by the window in melancholy thought. She was thinking of the past, of forms and faces which death, to use an expression of Lamartine, had "petrified in her affections." Madame de Ruyter, as she was generally called, had long been a widow. In the flush of early youth she had come as a bride to the house which was now crumbling to decay around her—in that house seven fair children had been born to her, and from that house six of these tenderlings of her heart had been called away with hushed breath and measured tread.

The wheel of Fortune had turned for the De Ruyter family, and most of the broad lands they had held for long years had passed into strange hands. Madame Ruyter bore her misfortunes with dignified resignation, but sometimes, as she looked on her youngest born, her heart would struggle with her pride. The De Ruyter family was one of the first and oldest in the country, and were therefore yet regarded with as much consideration as formerly by the whole neighborhood, while George, for his enthusiastic temper and buoyant spirits, was a general favorite with all save Mr. Clark, who was the principal attorney of the village, a smooth, careful man, of the strictest business habits, and too shrewd and vigilant to forfeit his birthright as a New Englander. People said he had grown rich on the spoils of the De Ruyter property. To him, George was never a pleasing object. It was but the operation of the common law—the injurer disliked the injured.

A few days after the above-mentioned interview, Mr. Clark found Cesar gathering sticks in a piece of woods near the house.

"What are you at, there, fellow?" he exclaimed.

"Getting wood, Massa Clark."

"Clear out, instantly, and if I catch you again trespassing on other people's property, it wont be good for you."

But the negro stood his ground.

"Don't know what you mean by trespass, Massa Clark, but I got a right to pick up sticks in my missus's woods."

"But I tell you they are mine, now, and you have no right here."

"It was no good means that made them yours, Massa Clark, and I'll get as much wood here as I like."

"And I say you shall not. Throw down that armful."

"Dat I don't."

"Do you dare say that to me?" and the thoroughly provoked lawyer dealt old Cesar a violent blow.

The negro warded off the worst of its effects, and before a moment had elapsed, Mr. Clark had regained his self-command.

"Go along with your wood, fellow," he said, "but never let me see your black face hereabouts again. Hark ye, Cesar," he added, "you need not say anything about this to your mistress. There's a piece of silver for you."

"Keep your money, Massa Clark, 'twould burn my fingers. I'll tell my missus or not, just as I chooses."

With a muttered imprecation, Mr. Clark turned his steps toward home. Passing through the village he encountered George de Ruyter. According to his usual custom, he stopped and spoke to him, but George thought he discerned a covert look of spite, and the air of lurking condescension which Mr. Clark had fancied entirely conceal, called the proud spirit of the tarnished and faithful dependents of the De Ruyter family—born in the house and formerly owned by old Mr. de Ruyter. His hopes and feelings were identified with them, and his sympathies were strongly excited by the effect produced on his usually resigned mistress by the interview he had witnessed. As he attended Mr. Clark to the door, he could scarcely forbear giving utterance to his sentiments in language perhaps a little too strong to meet the ear of that very mild and courteous gentleman. He returned to his employment of poli-bing his young master's boots, muttering:

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at an age when the mind seizes upon any opportunity for excitement, delighted in arraying himself against Mr. Clark.

Months flew by and George left his home and his mother for a midshipman's life. Very dreary seemed the old house to her. She missed the glowing eyes and ringing laugh that had been almost her sole delight. The monotony of her life was sometimes varied, however, by the visits of Mr. Clark. Madame de Ruyter had long ago learned well that lesson which every woman learns, to hide an aching heart beneath a calm brow, but to her faithful Cesar noticed that after any one of these interviews, her dignified countenance wore deep furrows, and her lofty bearing a trace of heavier sorrow. There was little room for any further retrenchment in her expenditure, but even additional economy, if possible, was used. The old family carriage and horses were sold, and if she could have found it in her heart, she would have parted with one of the attached servants of years. But in vain did not withstand their passionate and tearful pleadings. The best part of their lives had been spent in her service, and now that the frost was on their brows she could not send them from her.

One afternoon in the latter part of March, after George had been gone more than two years, Cesar, with no very good grace, ushered Mr. Clark into the parlor. After the interview had been prolonged more than an hour, he happened to pass the partly opened door of the room, and great was the tempest that agitated his faithful breast when he glanced in. He saw what might have moved a sterner heart. He saw the large and burning tears chasing each other down the cheek of his proud mistress, heard the scarcely smothered sobs and broken accents of grief, and marked the convulsive tremblings that shook her frame. And then he saw that stately woman rise from her chair and fall on her knees before the cool, quiet man, who sat there with a well-counterfeited expression of sympathy on his features. Ay, knelt to him; for a mother's love for an only child has caused many a one to stoop lower far than that. The only emotion Mr. Clark showed, was one of strong embarrassment, and Cesar ground his teeth in rage as he marked how ineffectual had been the humbling of his haughty mistress. Dashing away to the kitchen, he declared he could not remain under the same roof with Massa Clark, seized his old gun and rushed out of the house.

The afternoon sun was just setting as Mr. Clark rode forth from the gate of Madame de Ruyter—the shades of night had not closed around when he was found on the road leading thence a murdered corpse. The person who gave the alarm descried old Cesar at a distance, and immediately seized on him as the perpetrator of the deed. He was instantly conveyed to the county jail by the excited crowd that soon collected.

The next morning's sun shone on a house of suffering. Although Madame de Ruyter did not for a moment doubt old Cesar's innocence, she without any previous noise, and the jailer entered with a suspicious look. George, who was at the window, had scarcely time to quit what he was doing and assume the attitude of a gazer on the beauty of the night.

"Fine starlight, young sir," said the jailer, "but aint these bars rather too close for a good view?" and he slowly and cautiously passed his hand over them. Suddenly he paused and grasped one of them—he shook it. A violent trembling of Cesar's straw bed could be seen, and George held his breath, and one might have counted the beatings of his heart. But at last the man said:

"All right, I believe. When I stood outside there, I thought I heard a strange noise—but I will trust you, young sir; or rather, I'll trust these bars."

"Much obliged to you," retorted George. "Whatever your suspicions are, it's too hard that you should disturb this poor fellow's last rest. You'll be coming to wake him again, soon, I suppose?"

"When I come, you'll know it," was the only response.

But George was not to be surprised a second time. He met him at the door.

"One more hour," he entreated, "one more hour. It could you make him now?"

The jailer looked in at old Cesar, who was apparently sound asleep.

"Well, well, poor fellow," said he, "I'll have hard work though to get everything done."

In one hour he returned, but what a different scene met his eye! In the middle of the cell stood the young midshipman, his arms folded on his breast. Two or three files and a hand-saw lay on the floor, and Cesar was nowhere to be seen.

"Help, help!" shouted the jailer, seizing George by the collar.

The whole house, and indeed the whole neighborhood was soon aroused. The jailer, hastily locking up George in the nearest cell, ran to get the orders of the sheriff. That functionary was standing on the steps of the tavern which adjoined the prison, directing the pursuit in much excitement.

"Send out parties on all the roads," he cried. "Set two or three men searching the premises here. There are not enough of you," he continued. "We want another horse and man. Have you no more horses?" turning to the tavern-keeper.

"That old crazy nigger of Mr. Clark's came here last night on horseback. We could take his horse, or send him."

"Let him go himself by all means. He's got sense enough for that. Go and wake him."

The men ran off, and very soon returned, accompanied by a negro, leading an old, gray horse. George, whose window overlooked the yard, almost screamed as he saw how much more perfect than he had even imagined, was the disguise. In truth, no one who had not witnessed its putting on, would have dreamed that the figure before him was not the negro he was personating. The clothes and slouched hat really belonged to the other, and most perfectly

inquiries after the arrival of his young master. He seemed to have no other wish in life save this, but remained most of the time sunk in a kind of stupor of grief.

It was the day preceding that which was to put a period to the life of the faithful old negro, when George de Ruyter sprang from the stage at his mother's door. "My boy! God bless you!" was the first utterance of the mother's heart, as she clasped him in her arms. A deeper joy than she had known for long years sparkled in her eyes as she surveyed the tall, handsome youth, whose every look and tone showed such ardent affection for herself. But the tears soon veiled those beams of happiness as the remembrance of old Cesar returned to her mind. George sat down and heard the whole story, and then set off to obtain the customary permission to pass the last night in the cell of the prisoner. This was granted, and about nine o'clock he entered old Cesar's place of confinement. The clergyman was there, and the sound of his voice in prayer had just ceased as the jailer unbarred the door. Cesar remained for a moment as if transfixed, and then with one wild cry threw himself at George's feet, and embracing his knees, clung to him like a drowning man, while convulsive sobs shook his whole frame. George threw his arms around his neck, and his tears mingled with those that were pouring fast and burning from the very heart of poor old Cesar. Even the jailer wept.

After Cesar had regained comparative calmness, George watched an opportunity when the jailer's back was towards them, and slipped a small parcel into his hands. The next instant the man turned around and said:

"Sir, it is my duty to search your person before I leave you with the prisoner."

George made no objection, and the jailer, after completing his task, expressed himself satisfied. As the clergyman was taking his leave, he touched George on the shoulder.

"Young man," he said, drawing him aside, "I saw that proceeding just now, and I fear it is my duty to make it known to the jailer."

George grasped his arm with almost convulsive force:

"O, sir, in the name of humanity, I implore you to be silent. Have pity upon this miserable man, who is as innocent of this crime as you or I. I ask not your co-operation. I only entreat you not to thwart my endeavors. As you are a man, sir, grant my request."

"Well, my young friend," said the clergyman, much affected, "I may be doing wrong, but I will be silent."

The door was locked and barred, and George was alone with old Cesar. For a time both forgot their situation, and most precious to their hearts was this opportunity for free converse, but soon stone walls and couch of straw recalled them to their position. The jailer visited the cell once or twice before midnight, and it was not until after that hour that George dared to hope for any prolonged absence, or to think of the parcel he had given Cesar. Scarcely an hour after that time the door opened suddenly without any previous noise, and the jailer entered with a suspicious look. George, who was at the window, had scarcely time to quit what he was doing and assume the attitude of a gazer on the beauty of the night.

"Fine starlight, young sir," said the jailer, "but aint these bars rather too close for a good view?" and he slowly and cautiously passed his hand over them. Suddenly he paused and grasped one of them—he shook it. A violent trembling of Cesar's straw bed could be seen, and George held his breath, and one might have counted the beatings of his heart. But at last the man said:

"All right, I believe. When I stood outside there, I thought I heard a strange noise—but I will trust you, young sir; or rather, I'll trust these bars."

"Much obliged to you," retorted George. "Whatever your suspicions are, it's too hard that you should disturb this poor fellow's last rest. You'll be coming to wake him again, soon, I suppose?"

"When I come, you'll know it," was the only response.

But George was not to be surprised a second time. He met him at the door.

"One more hour," he entreated, "one more hour. It could you make him now?"

The jailer looked in at old Cesar, who was apparently sound asleep.

"Well, well, poor fellow," said he, "I'll have hard work though to get everything done."

In one hour he returned, but what a different scene met his eye! In the middle of the cell stood the young midshipman, his arms folded on his breast. Two or three files and a hand-saw lay on the floor, and Cesar was nowhere to be seen.

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had he assumed his whole air and gait, though very different from his own. Slowly and coolly did the convicted and condemned man lead up the horse, and stand within the sheriff's grasp. George trembled with impatience as he saw that all the others were sent off first; but at length the sheriff turned to him:

"Take the northern road, my good fellow. Throw off that immense coat, though, and you can ride better."

George clenched his teeth tightly, as he heard this order, but Cesar affected not to hear, and busied himself with his horse's head-stall.

"But how is this?" exclaimed the sheriff, as he saw the horse resist all attempts to mount him. "That horse ought to know you better than that," and he looked sharply at him.

Again did George bite his lips till the blood came. Cesar turned, and assuming the very look and tone of his prototype, replied:

"O massa, de reason is, I can't manage him very well, dis mornin'. I was waked up in such a hurry."

He at length mounted and returned a last look at George's window. He had not got much beyond the gate of the yard, before the sheriff hallooed loudly for him to come back. George groaned in despair, and frantically clutched the bars of the window. Cesar quietly halted, faced about, and turned back into the yard. The sheriff only wished to give him some more precise directions, and raising one more speaking glance to George, he rode off again. He rode at a quick, but steady pace, till he had cleared the village, then turned in his saddle, and cast one look back and set off at a hard gallop.

Before night all the men returned except the rider on the gray horse. The animal appeared the next morning at his stable-door, and during the day Mr. Clark's old negro returned from the village twelve miles distant, to which George de Ruyter had contrived to send him, and said that on that memorable night he had lent his clothes to the young midshipman—so that was fully explained.

George remained in durance, but there was no room for sorrow in his joyful heart. His daring plan had fully succeeded. He had with much difficulty and many persuasions prevailed upon Sambo to lend him his clothes, and leave the village immediately. In this, his stately mother had assisted. She had been near that night to see that "crazy Sam's" departure was unseen by any, and that Cesar gained unobserved the former's sleeping-place in a loft over the barn.

No one, even the wise and sober village fathers, could find it in their hearts to blame George, and many expressed their enthusiastic admiration. His confinement only lasted till a petition for his full pardon, signed by more than half the entire population of the county, was forwarded to the governor.

Almost all in the village rejoiced that Cesar had escaped, and this feeling became universal, when a few months afterward a pedler passing through the place, and hearing of the occurrences, declared that he could swear to Cesar's innocence. He had been on the eminence near him, and had heard the shot and seen Mr. Clark fall. He would have gone to his assistance, but observed Cesar hurrying in that direction, and as night was near, proceeded on his way. He had heard nothing of the subsequent events, as he had gone westward immediately. His impression was, that a pistol in one of Mr. Clark's own holsters had accidentally gone off as he mounted his horse. As soon as this was known, two of the villagers went in search of Cesar, who had made his way to Canada. After some difficulty they found him and brought him back.

When Mr. Clark's affairs were settled, it had been found that Madame de Ruyter could become again the owner of her old home, and some few of the rich acres that surrounded it. In the house in which he was born, old Cesar passed the remainder of his days, and at last closed his eyes in presence of his beloved mistress and young master, who was then and is still a distinguished officer in our navy.

### GOT TRAPPED.

The mayor of Detroit determined a few days since, to put a stop to the driving of fast horses through the principal streets of that city. So, in company with a posse of policemen, he walked deliberately through the middle of Jefferson Avenue, a beautiful wide street, that is generally the course for trotters. Arrived at the end of his promenade, the worthy mayor was fatigued, and gladly accepted the invitation of a gentleman to take a seat in his cutter. No sooner was he seated than the horse broke into a "two-forty" pace, and the conservator of public morals found himself flying along at a speed quite destructive of anything like dignity, and entirely subversive of municipal discipline. The proprietor and driver of the sleigh made the most strenuous efforts to stop his horse, and pulled upon the lines till his arms were lame, which everybody knows is the way to stop one of our American trotters, but the animal could not be induced to tarry, and dashed on. The odd-fast ones in the street, seeing the mayor set the example, at once entered into the contest, and a merry time was the result. The owner of the horse has since expressed his extreme regret his animal should have behaved so badly, and threatens to sell him, while the mayor has not since been seen promenading the avenue.—*Detroit Eagle.*

### MISTAKES IN IDENTITY.

A case, showing how liable people are to be mistaken as to identity, especially at night, has lately occurred at Philadelphia. A jeweller, some months ago, was, while on his way home, suddenly attacked in the street by a man that knocked him down with a paving stone, placed in a handkerchief, nearly killing him, and robbed him of a valuable gold watch. A man named Ennis was arrested as the robber, and the person robbed testified to his belief that he was the robber. The jury convicted him, but the judge, having doubts, set aside the verdict, and granted a new trial. Within a short time a custom house officer sent a watch to be repaired, that proved to be the one of which the jeweller was robbed, and which was traced to a man named Williams who upon being arrested confessed that he was the robber.—*Tribune.*

Let us not be angry with men when we see them cruel, ungrateful, unjust, lovers of themselves, and forgetful of others; they are made so, 'tis their nature, 'tis quarrelling with the stone for falling to the ground, or with the fire, with flying upwards.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## MY HAIDEN AUNT.

BY J. ROSSELL.

Old maids are useful, yes, they are,
Say what you will about them;
And those who ridicule them most,
Could ill do without them.

I have a maiden aunt, I have,
And think a great deal of her;
Indeed, of half a score of them,
There's none I prize above her.

'Tis true, she's crabbed now and then,
But that don't last forever—
And when the crabbed fits are o'er,
There's none more kind or clever.

Then she's so good among the sick,
So kind and sympathizing;
You could not find a better nurse,
Not e'en by advertising.

And many other golden traits
My maiden aunt possesses,
Which many another person lacks,
Who greater things professes.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## KIDNAPPING A WIFE.

BY ARTHUR DUVALLE.

Some four or five years ago I made the acquaintance of the person whose adventures form the subject of this sketch, in the following singular manner:

I had arrived, three days previous to the opening of our story, in the good city of Baltimore, as second mate of a Bremen ship, which I had joined in Liverpool. That portion of the crew forming the starboard watch, of which, in virtue of my office, I had been lord and master, had given me to understand that in consequence of the needless severity which they imagined had been exercised towards them, I might expect an infinite series of punches in the head, eyes, ribs, and other parts of the body, which they specified with great minuteness of detail; one fellow going so far as to inform me that he should make a display of his anatomical skill, by cutting my legs off the very first time he saw me on shore; even if it should result in his being gathered to his fathers in the most precipitate manner.

These pleasant promises did not alarm me much, for I had often received equally convincing proofs of affection, as far as words went, which promises were never fulfilled; on this occasion, however, their strict adherence to truth was worthy of all praise.

I was slowly walking along one of the streets in the vicinity of the dock at which our ship lay, when I had the satisfaction of seeing at no great distance before me, three of my discontented shipmates making for me with all speed, with the evident intention of then and there committing an aggravated assault. Considering that with such odds against me, discretion would be the better part of valor, I turned to make a precipitate retreat, when I found myself face to face with two more pugilistically inclined mariners; one of whom, to my intense disgust, was my anatomical friend.

Finding myself cornered, without possibility of escape, I prepared to make what defence I could; fortunately a beef barrel stave happened to lay within reach, seizing which, I placed my back against a wall, and taking a farewell look at my legs, stood ready to receive calls.

The first of my assailants received the full benefit of the before mentioned stave in the immediate vicinity of his chops, which effectually relieved him from any more of his attentions; but the rest were upon me before I could recover myself.

A few blows so disturbed my perceptions that a confused idea of four sailors, one second mate, a great deal of dust, and no little blood, being mixed up in inextricable disorder, was about all I knew of the state of the battle-field. But of one important fact I was perfectly aware, and of which I was so frequently reminded that it was impossible for it to escape my notice, this was, that the second mate was not the victor in this violent contest.

I soon became conscious of a diversion in my favor, and picking myself up had the satisfaction of seeing my ally laying out my late foes in the most approved and scientific manner. A few rounds put them to flight and left us in undisputed possession of the field, with liberty to carry off the wounded, which wounded consisted of my unknown friend and myself.

"Quite a lively brush," said the stranger; "how did you manage to get so many on to you?"

I explained the circumstances, and thanked him for his opportune interference, adding that "I hoped I should sometime see him in as bad a situation, that I might have a chance to return the obligation."

"You may soon have an opportunity to return it in precisely the same way," he continued, "for I'm in just the same fix. Some of my crew have been dodging around after me for the last week. But come, let's find a barber's shop, and repair damages, for if I look half as badly as you do, I don't care to be seen."

"So you don't like my appearance, eh? Do I look very bad?"

"Bad, is it. I don't know how you look generally, but just now you are the worst looking man I ever saw. I think if I had noticed it before I pitched in I should have let you fight it out by yourself; but here's a barber, so let's get under hatches at once."

After submitting myself to a thorough course of tonsorial manipulation, which materially improved my appearance, although my head *felt* the size of a bucket, I turned to look at my new friend. He was about twenty-seven or eight, tall, well formed, with the appearance of great strength and activity, and withal a remarkably handsome man; and he seemed to know it, judging by the care he took of his dress, and the delicacy of his hands, which, for a sailor, denoted an amount of pains quite appalling to me, for although I was myself somewhat of a dandy, when on shore, I had given up in despair all care of my hands a long while before, and usually hid them in a pair of gloves.

"How do I look now?" said I, when we were ready to start.

"O, you'll do," said he. "Quite an improvement, I declare. Why, for a naturally homely man, you make up very well. By the way, what d'ye do with yourself here in Baltimore? Got any acquaintances?"

"Why, my principal business has been a street fight. As for acquaintances, I haven't seen one for a century."

"I have the start of you then, for I have made one. I don't know what sort of a fellow he will turn out to be; street fights are not the places to look for the most refined society."

"Very true; but if I remember rightly, it was in something of that kind that I first had the pleasure of meeting my very *fastidious* friend, and I shall not allow you to put on airs of superiority because I happened to be the advance guard."

"Well, well, we wont quarrel just yet. Now as we are both strangers in a strange land, what d'ye say if we pull together while we are on shore? Just have your baggage sent over to my hotel, and we will commence life on a grand scale."

"Nothing would suit me better," said I, "than some such arrangement, for I have been as lonesome as a light-house, and was thinking of getting to sea again as soon as possible; but if we can agree, I should like very much to stop on shore for a while."

I was soon domesticated at his hotel, and for several weeks we enjoyed ourselves as only sailors can. The man who is constantly on shore knows nothing of the pleasure which is experienced by those who have been for months confined within the narrow limits of a ship, when they find themselves at liberty, without care, and with sufficient means to gratify their moderate wishes. The ordinary comforts of the landsman seem to those who have long been deprived of them, the very summit of human enjoyment.

Harry Williams—for that was the name of my new friend—was a person to whom any one would become very strongly attached, who had been on terms of intimacy for any length of time. He had received a liberal education, travelled over nearly every part of the world, and had the art of making himself agreeable to every person with whom he came in contact. Every word and action showed him to be a gentleman, and the easy, careless manner of the sailor became him wonderfully. With his own sex he was a universal favorite, and with his unusually prepossessing person, could not fail to be admired by the other.

We had now been on shore for a month, and the state of our finances warned us that we must soon be on salt water again. As it was hardly probable we should find a ship which would require the services of two second mates, it became evident that we must separate; this was not a pleasant idea for either of us, we had already enjoyed ourselves so well together.

Harry had gone down to the office to see if there were any opportunities of shipping, leaving me to my own reflections and a cigar, which I was very industriously smoking, with my body leaning half way out of the window. He had been gone but a short time before I saw him coming up the street at a furious pace. Rushing up the stairs, half a dozen at a time, and swinging the door open with a bang, he bounded into the room. Hitting me a slap on the back that nearly sent the rest of me out of the window, he cried out:

"I've found it, my boy; just the thing; nice little barque, off for Valparaiso direct; just where we want to go; blue Pacific—Andes—romance, and all that sort of thing!"

"But how can we both go!" said I. "Let's understand something about it—that is, if you haven't lost what little sense you ever had."

"O, it's all right; there's a chance for a chief and second mate; we can both go as well as not. So let's toss up to see which shall be chief mate. Which will you have, heads or tails?" And he threw up a half dollar.

"Heads," said I, as the coin was spinning round in the air.

"Tails it is! I'm chief mate, and you are under my orders; so come down to the office at once and sign the articles, you mutinous scoundrel!"

Hooking his arm into mine he dragged me off at a gallop.

Three days more found us slipping down the Chesapeake before a spanking breeze, with a good ship, a good crew, and—allow me to say—magnificent officers. Our captain was as clever an old chap as I ever sailed with. After satisfying himself that Harry and myself were perfectly competent to take care of the barque, he seldom interfered with us, leaving everything to our management.

Passing over the incidents of the voyage, imagine us arrived at Valparaiso. Harry had been on shore every alternate night for the two weeks we had been laying there; never failing when he came on board to give me an account of whatever had taken place while on shore, and exacting the same from me; the recital of our previous night's adventures being our principal source of amusement during the day, when it was necessary we should both be on board.

Everything had gone on in its usual course, until one night Harry came from the city unusually late. Upon asking the cause, he replied, "he had been to a ball," but would give me no particulars, and seemed to dislike being questioned. The next night being my turn to go on shore, I was preparing myself, when he came to my state-room door to ask me, as a particular favor, to let him go for that night, as he had an engagement. I, of course, consented, and going upon deck stood leaning over the gangway looking into the boat that was already waiting for him. Presently he made his appearance, dressed out in the best possible style, smelling most suspiciously of cologne, and carrying a pair of white kids in his hand, which, when he saw me looking at him, he tried to put out of sight.

"Hillo, Harry," said I, as he went over the gangway, "are you going to another ball tonight? Valparaiso must be getting quite a lively place."

"O, don't be inquisitive, you are not my wife, I'm happy to say, so I am not bound to tell you everything."

That night Harry came on board very late, and the following afternoon repeated the request that he might go instead of me. This I acceded to, and also for the three succeeding nights, by which time my curiosity had become so much excited that I determined at all hazards to discover the mystery. Accordingly I made arrangements with a boat's crew from the shore to be in readiness to pull alongside directly after Harry left in the ship's boat. I waited with considerable impatience for night, busying myself in the meantime trying to get something out of Harry, but without succeeding, as he parried every question with some good-natured answer or remark so comical that I could not but choose to laugh. Night came at last, and found Harry, as usual, dressed within an inch of his life, and impatient for the time to go on shore.

"Good night," said he, as he jumped into his boat; "I hope you may have as pleasant an evening as I shall."

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness, my gentleman," said I to myself. "I think you have run out the length of your line, so I'll bring you up with a round turn;" and letting myself down into the boat, that had been waiting for me under the stern, we struck out rapidly, nearly at right angles to the direction which he had taken, in order that we might double on our course and reach the landing at about the same time, apparently from an opposite direction. This we succeeded in doing without exciting suspicion, and as Harry left his boat on one side of the jetty, I was also leaving mine upon the opposite side.

We walked rapidly along the beach without entering the town, and struck into a road leading back into the country, along which were scattered numerous villas, belonging to the wealthy Spaniards of the vicinity.

Keeping at sufficient distance behind not to attract attention, yet near enough to keep him within sight, I followed for nearly three miles, when we came suddenly, at a turn in the road, upon quite an extensive country-seat. It was surrounded by magnificent grounds, which were tastefully laid out, combining the rank luxuriance of the country with the graceful refinement of an English park.

Lights were streaming from the windows, which appeared to be illuminated for some festive occasion. Harry slackened his pace as he approached, and cautiously creeping through an opening in the hedge, disappeared. I was not slow in following, when I saw him creep along in the shadow of a forest of boughs, and enter a summer house so completely overgrown with vines that an entrance seemed impossible. I hesitated a moment whether it were best to follow any farther; but curiosity predominating, I soon placed myself within a few feet of my unsuspecting friend, upon the outside of the summer house, the vines only being between us. Although being quite sufficient to hide me, they did not obstruct my view of the interior, as the lights from the mansion shone in through the opposite side, making it almost clear enough to read.

Harry, after looking for some time at the house, then at his watch, then at the house again, as if waiting for an appointed time, gave a low, shrill cry, imitating to perfection the call of one of the night birds of the country. This he repeated two or three times, when the patter of tiny feet was heard coming hastily along the gravel walk, a slight rustling among the leaves, and a young girl came bounding into the summer house. Throwing herself into the arms of my respectable Harry, she exclaimed, in her broken English, which sounded much more musical than the perfect language of any nation:

"My dear Harry, how glad I am to see you! How good of you to come to-night!"

I did not stop to hear more, as my situation of eavesdropper was anything but agreeable. Retreating to the opening in the hedge, I awaited the termination of the affair.

There could be no doubt now that Harry was in love. I could hardly find fault with him however, for I don't know how he could help it. I was half in love with her myself, as little as I had seen of her; but if she had thrown her arms around *my* neck, and called *me* her dear Timothy, as she did that scamp of a Harry, I feel quite sure I should have surrendered at discretion. There is no use in my trying to describe her. All the women of that country are beautiful—that is the young ones,—but she was more than beautiful; she was—well, to give you an exact idea—she was as perfect as your beloved Sally, my dear sir.

After waiting nearly an hour I began to get impatient, and thinking I might as well see what was going on in the house, I succeeded, after dodging about from one tree to another, in gaining a position among the shrubbery that bordered the verandah, directly in front of a large, open window.

The scene within was quite brilliant. Half a dozen couple were waltzing to the music of guitars, violins, and castanets, and as many more promenading or standing in different parts of the room. Among these I saw Harry, who was talking with a tall, dignified-looking Spaniard, apparently as much at home as if he had been born and bred there.

I had already seen quite enough to satisfy my curiosity, and with feelings closely allied to envy, I made my way back to the barque.

It was my intention to tax Harry with this affair, and give him a piece of my mind for his lack of confidence in keeping it all a secret from me. He saved me the trouble, however, for he was no sooner on board, than taking me by the arm, and walking aft to the taffrel, out of hearing of the boat's crew, he began, in a confidential manner:

"I've something of the greatest importance to tell you, and I want your assistance."

"O, you needn't trouble yourself to tell me," said I, "I know all about it. Old Don Pedro de Jawtwister, and his charming daughter, the beautiful Donna Hevenlyetta de Jawtwister—meetings in the summer house—eternal affection, etc., etc. She is the only woman in the world, according to your ideas; and you are a real salt water angel in her opinion, a sort of a cross between a tar bucket and a seraph. I knew all that before. If you are going to tell me anything, let it be something new, *that* has become an old story."

Harry was completely taken by surprise at my speech, and exclaimed:

"How did you find out all that, you impertinent sea serpent? Here's my precious secret apparently as well known as Cape Horn; but there is no time to waste in talking now. I will explain what I want of you, and then I must depend upon your assistance.

"You must know, that the Donna Inez and myself have been acquainted for some time; in fact, an engagement, but this has never been suspected by her father, who would no more think of giving her to an *Americano*, than to a Chinaman. At our interview in the summer-house this evening, which you seem to know so much about, it was arranged that I should ask his consent; and if refused, as, although he has always been very friendly towards me, there could be little doubt—I should be at a certain spot at one o'clock this very night, with mules and assistance; where she and I would meet us, and having the ceremony performed at once, I should bring them on board the barque, in which they would take passage for the States. The names of Mrs. Williams and servant are already booked at the consignee's office, for, as I anticipated, I met with a point blank though most gentlemanly refusal from Don Raphael. I have found a priest who will be in readiness to officiate at a moment's notice; so show yourself lively, and get ready to go on shore, while I wake up that woolly-headed steward to prepare a couple of state-rooms for the ladies."

I interposed some feeble objections, to this plan of operations, but I might as well have said nothing. Harry was not a man to change his mind for trifles. Had this occurred in almost any other country I should have absolutely refused to have anything to do with the matter, as carrying off young ladies in such a burglarious manner did not exactly suit my ideas of propriety; but in Chili, I knew that her chance of getting a *man* for a husband was very slender; and she would probably be sacrificed to the pride and nationality of her father, by being forced into marriage with some monkey-faced brute of a Chilian, with a long name, and a big plantation.

Although we had two hours in which to make preparations, Harry was in such a state of anxiety and impatience, that he could do nothing properly; so advising him to keep quiet as possible, I took the direction of affairs myself.

Half past twelve found us with four mules—beside ourselves!—waiting at the appointed spot. We had half an hour to wait, which seemed to Harry like half a century; a dozen times he was sure that our watches had stopped, or were wrong, or something had happened to them; it certainly could not be less than three o'clock." Notwithstanding which, when my much abused watch marked one, the lady and her maid presented themselves. We lost no time in getting them into their saddles, and were on the way to the house of the priest in a twinkling.

We found the holy father awaiting us at the door, the ceremony was quickly performed, myself acting as the bride's father, and giving her away, which I did with a very ill grace; for I never disposed of anything in my life, that I should have more preferred keeping.

She seemed to enjoy it amazingly; and I have no doubt liked it quite as well as if her father had given his consent in due form. This important part of the affair concluded, we proceeded at once to the barque.

It had been arranged between Harry and myself that I should see the father first, find how he viewed the matter, and if possible, try to reconcile him. As it was now almost morning, I decided not to wait, but go at once to the residence of the don. The additions to my toilet, which I thought necessary to give me a *fascinating* appearance, were completed; and just as the sun was rising I went upon deck to order the boat, when I saw one approaching us from the shore. As it came near I perceived that the tall gentleman, sitting in the stern sheets, was no other than our respected father-in-law.

I received him at the gangway with one of my most winning smiles, which must have had its effect, although Harry, who was watching us from the window of his state-room, said afterwards, "he was afraid I had been seized with a sudden attack of ague in the face." "I hoped that his excellency was in good health," volunteered the astonished information that "it was a fine morning," and gave him to understand "that I should be in a state of despair, which would probably terminate fatally, if I found myself unable to serve him, in everything possible or impossible."

His first inquiry was, of course, about Harry; "where he was, and what had become of his daughter?"

"I told him at once, "they were married; and that Harry was with his wife," which led him to suppose they were on shore. After blaspheming awhile in choice Spanish, he asked, "if I was positive they were married?" Upon my assuring him there could be no doubt as to that matter, he became more composed. I now began to plead Harry's cause; I expatiated upon his good qualities, his honor, his abilities, which I assured him were almost superhuman; laying myself out considerably upon the length of time that he had been under my personal observation, without ever having been guilty of such a misdemeanor before. I did not tell him, how long I had known Harry, but if he judged by the adjectives, he must have thought we had been intimate for some hundreds of years, at least. Warming with the subject, I also gave him to understand that his son-in-law's family were among the very highest order of American nobility; in fact, allied to the royal family, and it was by no means impossible, if he returned to the States, that he might be called to the highest office of the nation; his claim being as good as that of any other branch of the family.

Whether my arguments were convincing, or he was disposed to make the best of a bad matter, I know not; but taking my hand, with a display of feeling for which I had not given him credit, he said, "he hoped what I said was correct, as far as the character of his son-in-law was concerned; for the rest, it made little difference, as, if he liked him, he had better employment for him than going to sea." Exacting a promise from me that I would send them both to his house at once, he got into his boat and left for the shore.

All that had passed had been heard by the persons most interested, as they stood at the cabin door, so there was no need of explanations, and the boat which I had ordered to take me on shore took them instead.

About two hours after they had left the barque, I received a note from Mrs. Williams, with the request, "that I would attend a dinner party to be given at her father's house that afternoon." A few words from Harry informed me, that, as he had been appointed agent for his father-in-law's estates, he would be obliged to resign his office as chief mate of the barque; and that I should confer a favor, by calling at the office of the consignee, and erasing from the passenger list the names of Mrs. Williams and servant, and writing my own down as chief mate.

### PARIS OMNIBUSES.

There are no less than four hundred omnibuses plying about the streets of Paris, giving work to two thousand four hundred horses. These vehicles all work harmoniously together, and by their system of correspondence, a passenger can go from any point to any part of the capital. Here passengers wait in winter by a comfortable fire, until the official in attendance informs them that the omnibus proceeding to or in correspondence with the point they wish to reach, is at the door.

Nor need they crowd to the omnibus. On entering the waiting-room the chief inquires where they wish to go. Your reply produces a number. If you are the first applicant in the waiting-room for your omnibus, you have number one. This ticket entitles you to enter the omnibus on its arrival before any other passenger who may come after you. This pushing and scrambling are unavailing; for, as the omnibus draws up, the chief places himself at the door, and receives the tickets from the holders in regular rotation as they take their seats.

And how commodious these seats are! Every passenger has a comfortable arm-chair, with room to stretch his legs without annoying his opposite neighbor. There is ample space also between the tallest passenger's hat and the roof. Let me add that this commodious carriage is lighted by two powerful lanterns, which enable any person present to read comfortably.

The general fare, for any distance within the Barrieres, is six sous; but there are omnibuses which run from the Barriere de l'Etoile to the place de la Bastile for three sous. I may add that the men who govern the waiting-rooms are paid eight hundred francs a year—an income which they contrive to increase by selling perfumes and other light articles.—*Tourist's Letter.*

### A MIXED FOOD NECESSARY.

If I only bend my arm, or move my finger, there is a certain portion of the tissues destroyed which must be supplied by my food; the more work that a man performs, the more of those nitrogenous substances he requires. So far as supplying the waste of the tissues, it is a matter of indifference whether we give an animal food containing gluten or albumen; but it exercises a considerable influence on the character of the animal. Take, for example, a hunt, at which we have an omnivorous animal, a man, riding on a graminivorous animal, a horse, accompanied by a carnivorous animal, a dog, following an herbivorous animal, a hare. Even the character of nations is very materially affected indeed by their food. The other class of food serves a very important, but totally different purpose—namely, that of supplying animal heat. The temperature of our bodies is, in temperate climates at least, higher than the surrounding air. Now, in order to keep up this temperature a combustion goes on similar to that of an ordinary fire. The same products—carbonic acid water and ammonia—are evolved from the mouth of the furnace of the body and the mouth of a common chimney. In cold weather, a certain portion of heat is gradually abstracted from our body, which must be supplied by the combustion of our food or of the matter of our bodies; the colder the climate, therefore, the more heat giving materials must be supplied in the food.—*Playfair.*

### WHY THE ROMANS WENT TO BED EARLY.

They went to bed early in those ages simply because their mother earth could not afford them candles. She, good old lady, (or young lady, for geologists know not whether she is in that stage of her progress which corresponds to gray hairs, to infancy, or to "a certain age,") she, good lady, would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations inquiring for candles. "Candles, indeed!" she would have said, "who ever heard of such a thing, and with so excellent day light running to waste as I have provided gratis! What will the wretches want next?" Romans therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to travel off in the dusk. Tarquinius may have been a very superb fellow: but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rush light. And though it may be thought that plots and conspiracy would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark.—*De Quincy.*

### SPIRITUALISM.

A San Francisco editor, F. C. Ewer, recently prepared a fictitious sketch describing the sensations of a dying man. He, as the best mode of overcoming all difficulties involved in such revelations, made his hero describe his death from the spiritual world. The author was recently surprised to find that Judge Edmonds had used his fictitious narrative as the production of a veritable spirit, and the judge wrote to the author to acquaint him with the fact that he had had several spiritual interviews with this defunct hero, who never had any existence except in Mr. Ewer's brain. Mr. Ewer's letter is rather an amusing proof of the exceeding credulity of the judge, and the ludicrous absurdities in which the professed spiritualists involve themselves, by taking leave of common sense, and ignoring the well-established moral and physical laws of the universe.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The multiplication of unnecessary laws is the worst and most vexatious species of tyranny. Despotism is nothing but restraints, and where these exist without just cause, there can be no true liberty.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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✱,* All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass., *proprietor of* The Flag of our Union, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Gamester's Pledge," a tale by Frank Worthington.
"The Dissolution of the Monasteries," an historical sketch, by Francis P. Prefferell.
"A Tartar at Sea," a story by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
"Mrs. Tibbs, our Invalid," a domestic sketch, by Mrs. E. Wellmont.
"The Elysian Fields," a tale by Anne T. Wilson.
"Catharine Lee," a story by Mrs. Caroline Orne.
"Think of me," lines by Julia Ashton.
"Cuba," stanzas by Francis H. Rhodes.
"The Death of the Beautiful," verses by R. P. Smith.
"Stanzas," by R. G. Dennis.
"Incognita," a poem by Wm. Roderick Lawrence.
"The Soldier's Dream," verses by Mrs. Sarah E. Dawes.
"Our Own," lines by Mary Dell.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Washington National Anthem," "Dreams," "The Beggar's Legacy," "Our Baby Boy," "Stray Leaves, etc.

## THE SABBATH.

It is the Sabbath morn! A mild sky, genial, breathing the ineffable delights of spring, arches over head; the sunshine, as yet wan and pallid, like the smile of a convalescent patient, not yet ripened into the warm fervid glory of summer days, streams through the hazy atmosphere: all is calm and peaceful, and amidst the general quiet, comes the first heavy stroke of the quiet church bell, sending its quivering vibrations through the air. A moment's pause, and now another bell responds, and hark! another and another—and so the peal goes on from steeple to steeple—weaving an airy chain of music over the whole. The belfry pigeons, startled from their nodding slumbers, soar away from the concussions of the air, but not in terror. They perch upon neighboring eaves and ridge-poles, cooing and pluming themselves, perfectly secure in the universal armistice. The musical clangor continues, swelling to a grand orchestral diapason. Seaward it floats from the great commercial city, scattering a holy influence upon its path. The helmsman hears it as he stands at the wheel of the homeward bound bark gliding up the bay, past the frowning batteries of the castle, and threading its way among the island gems of the harbor. The bell-music, softened by distance to the gentle breathings of an Æolian harp, touches his heartstrings and warms to life the best thoughts of his nature. Mingled with the pleasant anticipations of meeting near and dear ones are silent thanksgivings to the Power which has preserved him in the midst of the perils of the stormy deep. As he approaches the welcome pier, his moistened eye seeks, above the tracery of masts and fluttering signals, the blue flag of the Bethel, the sign of salvation to the mariner on shore. And now all is silent; the tolling of the bell has ceased—the noise of footsteps on the sidewalks is hushed, for all are gathered in their respective houses of worship, listening to the voice of prayer and exhortation. For a space the minds of men are estranged from the toils and strifes, and bitter cares and biting enmities of this existence, and following the pathway of light to the happier and better life. But westward, pursuing the course of the sun, rolls the tide of sacred music making the circuit of the globe. It pours down the gorges of the mountains, waking remote villages with its glad tidings westward still! In the remote frontier settlement, the hardy pioneers and their families hasten to the first raised house at the summons of its little bell—a place of worship almost as rude as that where the wondrous life of the Saviour of the race began. There, where of late rang the whoop of the savage, or the cry of the wild beast, rise their forest hymns of praise. A few years hence, ere the dark earls of those manly foresters are flecked with silver, or their stalwort forms bowed by the hand of age, some consecrated pile, rich in ornamentation, will raise its stately spire in the midst of a great city; but its Gothic roof will shield no worshippers more sincere than those who gather together in the wilderness. Still in the pathway of the sun dawns the sacred day on the golden shores of the Pacific—gleams along its glittering waters—and breaks upon the summer isles of the deep, where years before the self sacrificing missionary first set up the standard of salvation.

What were poor, toiling, suffering humanity, without this day? What would be the condition of our physical and spiritual natures—if there were no rest here, to give us a foretaste of "that peace which the world cannot give?" The mind shrinks from a contemplation of that condition of things which would follow a suppression of the Sabbath, with its sacred observances and duties, and shudders at the shadowy images of desolation the mere thought of it conjures up.

Steam Line to Havre.—On the 21st inst., Commodore Vanderbilt despatches the steamer North Star, as the pioneer boat of his new line to Havre. If any boy can make money on this line, Vanderbilt can. During the grand exhibition at Paris, the passenger money will amount to something.

A Drug.—A newspaper advertises original poetry for sale. We believe every newspaper could furnish a stock of the same sort. Poets are just as plenty as ever—only more so—nice, tough-skinned gentlemen—all of them.

The Crystal Palace.—The New York Atlas, in allusion to the new destination of the Crystal Palace, says it is up for "cows and a market."

Transfer.—On the first of May, Putnam's Magazine will be published by Messrs. Dix and Edwards.

### THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Nicholas is indeed dead. The news which at first, even when officially declared in the British parliament, was doubted, chiefly because it occurred at so important a political crisis, has passed into the province of history. Millions of people have mourned the great despot they termed father—and millions of his enemies have rejoiced that the man they feared and hated has been at length laid in the grave of his fathers. In England, his death, announced from the stage of the public theatre, elicited frenzied demonstrations of delight. In France, the authorities punished the few individuals who noisily testified their joy—a proof that the traditions of chivalry are not altogether extinct.

Nicolas I., Paulowitch (the son of Paul), was born July 7, 1796, and succeeded his brother, Alexander I., in 1825. His brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, the second son of Paul, was heir to the throne, but had secretly renounced his pretensions in an instrument dated January 14, 1822. He was, however, proclaimed emperor at St. Petersburg on the decease of Alexander in December, 1825. He adhered, however, to his renunciation, and Nicholas, after some popular disturbances, ascended the throne he has so ably filled. Nicholas was married July 13, 1817, to Alexandra Feodorowna (formerly Charlotte), princess of Prussia, by whom he had six children—Alexander, the eldest and his successor, having been born in 1818. The present emperor is therefore in the prime of life. The reign of Nicholas was rendered eventful by a war with Persia, a war with Turkey, by the Polish revolution, and by the existing war with the western powers.

Nicholas was a man fitted to meet every emergency. He was well versed in languages, in military and political science, and possessed of physical powers equal to his mental endowments. He was every way fitted to command the obedience and respect of the Russians. With the qualities of his successor we are unacquainted. His conduct of the war, and of the negotiations now going on, will test his capacity, and show the world what manner of man he is. Yet, we are inclined to think, that if the allies are extortionate in their demands, presuming on the effect of the death of Nicholas, they will meet their match in the person of his successor. The change of sovereigns has produced a profound sensation, whatever may grow out of it.

### AMERICAN SHIPPING.

According to the Baltimore American, our total registered tonnage in the year 1830 was 576,675; in 1840 it was 899,764; in 1845 it was 1,095,172; in 1850 it was 1,585,711, and in 1844 it ranged as high as 2,333,819. The American says: "The investment in vessels is a very large one, and the amount will perhaps astonish some of our readers. If we estimate the first cost of these vessels, steam and sailing, at fifty dollars per ton (a very low estimate), it will amount to $240,645,000, the annual interest on which, at the legal rate, is *fourteen millions four hundred thousand dollars!* But the annual earning of the vessels must not only include the interest on their cost, but also repairs and renewals. If we place these as equal to a total destruction in twelve years, we shall have $20,503,750, which, added to the annual interest, makes $34,903,750 as the total annual earnings of our commercial marine. This amount, then, represents the value of the labor either directly or indirectly employed in the home department of industry pertaining to navigation."

### DON'T SHOOT.

Youngers who are fond of fowling pieces, and insensible of the musical appeals of the feathered race to love and protection, must remember that the laws of Massachusetts provide that a penalty of one dollar be paid for the destruction of every robin killed between the first day of March and the first day of September; and every person *shooting at or killing any birds* upon lands not owned or occupied by himself, and without license from the owner or occupant thereof, at any time between the first day of March and the fourth of July, *shall forfeit and pay to the occupant or owner of such lands the sum of ten dollars in addition to the actual damages sustained*, to be recovered by such owner or occupant in an action of tres-pass."

An old Dahlia.—Lord Lindsley states that, in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy proved by the hieroglyphics to be at least 2000 years of age. On examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and he therefore took that tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rain and dew of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beauteous dahlia.

A wide-awake Emperor.—The emperor of Japan seems to have a sharp eye to his rights and privileges. He evidently is not a believer in "popular sovereignty." He directed that all the American gold pieces, which Mr. Barrows, the agent visited Jeddo Bay, gave to his subjects, should be returned. The interpreter discovered "Liberty" on them, which alarmed the emperor!

Comet.—This word, according to John Phœnix, we believe, is derived from *comma*, because a comet can "never come to a full stop." We thought they derived their name because they come-it rather strong, when once started.

Fire.—The Phœnix oil and candle works at Brooklyn, N. Y., were lately burnt up. A sad loss, and a premature accomplishment of the destiny of the articles manufactured.

Wolf! Wolf!—At Westfield, near Montpelier, there was a grand wolf hunt lately, which resulted in the death of the ferocious animal.

### EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The last flurry of snow at Oberlin, Ohio, was black. "White as snow" can't be said there.

The talented Biddles family are going to Rochester, where the father has leased the theatre.

They've stopped smoking at the Lynn Central Station. Only the engines can do it there.

Our naval force at Havana are to ask mildly why the El Dorado was fired upon.

Utah Territory has now a population of 40,000. Salt Lake city, 12,000.

In 1790 slavery existed in all the United States but two—Vermont and New Hampshire.

The city of St. Louis has a population of about 100,000. Its increase has been marvellous.

We don't hear much about the Caffers lately. The last battle must have used them up.

In the town of Palmer it costs $17 46 to kiss a girl against her will. Cheap!

Uncle Sam has stopped John Bull's recruiting in New York. It's "agin" the law.

Blue birds, fresh lobsters, and flurries of snow came together this year.

A miscreant that places obstructions on railroads, should be chained to the rail.

Bounces are beginning to be worn on the head again—a sign of grace.

The command of the U. S. Arctic Expedition has been given to Lieut. Henry J. Hartstone.

The Louisiana Legislature have appropriated $60,000 to guard N. Orleans against inundation.

The most prominent candidate—over the left—for the Presidency, is G. W. F. Mellen.

Mrs. Julia Hayne is about visiting England with the "Priestess."

The Boston Daily Bee has been enlarged and improved by its active proprietors.

The Murat family are thinking of regaining the throne of Naples. Perhaps they will.

A negress, 115 years old, lately died at Morris, (N. J.) poor house. She was an African.

A young man pretended to be an undertaker at a Philadelphia funeral, and robbed the house.

Banvard has been delivering Sunday evening lectures on the prophecies.

### THE BEARD.

M. de Michel, a modern French writer, glances at the beards of his countrymen from the time when Charlemagne made war against them downwards. If the beard came into fashion in the time of Francis I., it was only to satisfy the king's vanity, when, having received a wound upon the chin at a game, he wished to hide the scar. Surely he who runs may read herein a moral. Henry IV. was the last bearded king. His successor, who ascended the throne at the green age of nine years, did not imitate his predecessor—for obvious reasons. Later in life he wore a moustache and imperial, then called a royal. Even these remnants of the beard disappeared during the reign of Louis XIV., and from that time the razor passed tranquilly over royal and imperial cheeks to the death of the first Napoleon. Then little tufts of whiskers appeared upon Louis XVIII. and Charles X.; but in 1830 the throne was adorned by the English whiskers of Louis Philippe. This history is wound up with an impressive sentence: "In short, the moustache and imperial of Napoleon III. are the first which have appeared on the face of a sovereign since the time of Louis XIII."

### FRENCH USE OF SNAILS.

In the provinces of France where the vine is cultivated, snails of large size abound. They are gathered by the peasants, put in small pens for a few days, salt water thrown on them to cause them to discharge whatever their stomachs may contain, then boiled, taken out of the shell, and eaten with a sauce; they are considered a luxury by the vine-dressers. Cataract on the eye is cured by applying a drop of clear water taken from the live sail, by piercing what might be termed the tail of the snail shell with a pin. This application has the effect of eating off the substance that grows over the sight of the eye. Recently a person was thus cured. The sight was totally eclipsed of one eye. By applying this water two or three times a day, for some time, say two or three months, the sight was restored, and remained good. This was prescribed by a physician as a last resort.

No more Rancid Butter.—A writer in the Journal of Industrial Progress, recommends that butter should be treated with fresh milk, and then with pure water. He states that by this treatment the butter is rendered as fresh and pure in flavor as when recently made. He ascribes this result to the fact that butyric acid, to which the rancid odor and taste are owing, is readily soluble in fresh milk, and it is thus removed.

A nutritious Vegetable.—It is perhaps unknown to many that the onion is one of the most nutritious of roots, containing, when dried, from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of gluten. It is a great staple of life in Spain and Portugal. Onions are not a relish merely to the Spaniard, for they sustain his strength; and add beyond what their bulk would suggest, to the amount of nourishment which his simple meal supplies.

Stage-struck.—The Lowell News has a good article against the monomania which often besets young men to go upon the stage. The utter want of success, or even decent proficiency which three-fourths attain, it would seem should be a warning to those mistaken aspirants.

A new Cure.—A young lady up town was cured of palpitation of the heart the other evening by a young M. D. in the simplest and most natural way imaginable. He merely held one of her hands in his, put his arm around her waist, and whispered something in her left ear.

Tree Associations.—These societies, formed to ornament the public streets of our towns and villages with shade trees, are prosecuting their work with energy and success.

Emigration.—There is a great rush for Kansas and Nebraska about this time. Some people go there who would be better off at home.

### BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"My Landlady," a tale by Alice Carey.
"The Miller's Boarder," a story by George P. Burnham.
"Sketches of Finland."
"Encounter with Malay Pirates," a nautical sketch by Frederick Ward.
"The Republic of the Dead," a poem by George W. Bungay.
"Our Sweet Little Flowered," lines by Mrs. W. R. Horton.
"Constantinople," verses by Maturin M. Ballou.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A representation of the well known phenomenon, the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights.

A series of engravings, descriptive of French scenery, giving first, a view of the source of the Feslo in the Duchy of Piedmont; second, the Summit of the Pass of Tende; third, the Garden and Cloister of the Chartreuse of Val Pesio; and fourth, the town of Coni.

Representation of localities, etc., in the City of Newark, N. J., first, Broad St., from near the corner of Market St.; second, High Street Presbyterian Church; third, Library Building, Market Street, fourth, Court House and Square; fifth, Market Street Depot; sixth, Inclined Plane on the Morris Canal; seventh, Grace Church, on Walnut and Broad Streets; and eighth, the Park and the New Market.

View of the Female College at Dubuque, Iowa.

Court House at Chicago, Illinois.

Portrait of the Hon. John W. Wood.

View of Trinity College at Hartford, Ct.

A family scene, entitled Home Revisited.

View of the City of Pittsburg, Penn.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

## Foreign Items.

A daughter was born to the Emperor and Empress of Austria on the 5th ult.

Lord Lucan has been denied a court martial, and is, to all appearances, an ill-used man.

James Montgomery, the poet, who died last year, left an estate which has just been sworn under nine thousand pounds sterling.

The French residents at Florence have raised a subscription among themselves for sending cigars to the French army in the East.

Apprehensions are felt that another Caffre war is about to take place, and the government is taking active measures to avert it, if possible.

A bas-relief in white marble representing Esculapius attending a patient, has been discovered at Cyrica, in Asia Minor, and brought to the Louvre.

The original MS. of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" has been sold for £41 to the British Museum. The sum its last possessor gave for it, was only £16.

Immediately upon the death of Nicholas being known in Paris, orders were sent to General Canrobert to press on the siege of Sebastopol with the utmost vigor.

Mr. Samuel Cousins, the distinguished engraver, has been elected a full Royal Academician at London. He is the first engraver who has been admitted to such an honor. Bartolozzi was elected, not as engraver, but as designer.

The Emperor Alexander 2d has succeeded peacably to the Russian throne. He has issued a manifesto stating that he will adhere to the policy of his father Nicholas. Constantine and other brothers and officers have taken oaths of allegiance.

The English government has made known officially, that France and England will not prevent the import of Russian produce through neutral States, but that they have decided on establishing a rigid blockade on all Russian ports.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

It is ever a folly to be wise among fools.

The great advantage of history is the enthusiasm it inspires.

In man's works, as in those of nature, the intention is the great thing to be studied.

He who has nowhere to lay his head often suffers less than he who does not know where to put his hands.

The greatest sufferings is to be found in the higher classes—men bleed involuntarily on ascending mountains.

Memory is the only paradise we are sure of always preserving. Even our first parents could not be driven out of it.

Joy flutters past us like a gay and harmless butterfly, but, unfortunately, often lays eggs which engender devouring caterpillars.

There cannot be a more fatal symptom of the decline and corruption of national morals, than the prevalence of what is called squeamishness. Nice women are always in conduct and some in conversation and writing, which are not to be condemned nor to be pardoned, but to be forgotten.

Sorrows gather round great souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plain beneath him.

Weak minds are dwarfed by the active rivalry of society—strong ones are advanced by it. A rosebush dwindles in a wood; an oak grows taller in a forest than in a field.

There is nothing so presumptuous as a half informed man, or a little learning is a dangerous thing"—and the majority of the reading public is of this class. The most ignorant are those who are not aware of their ignorance.

## Joker's Budget.

The best way to make a book "sell," is to abuse the author without stint or hindrance.

Eating one's meat with a silver fork, while the butcher's bill has not been paid, is called genteel.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

Why is that excellent weapon, the rifle, being very nearly an insignificant thing? Because it is within a *t* of being a *trifle*.

The man that was "transported with bliss," has returned to his native land, having served out his time. Bliss has two years longer to serve.

It is supposed by some that "J. G." Saxe is the wittiest poet in America, but it is evident we have a "J. G." *Whittier*. He is *nominally* so, anyhow."

The greatest hamper the British army has had yet, is the Duke of Newcastle. Punch indorses that, and says—the sooner the hamper is packed off, the better.

The name of the Swedish Nightingale, says the London Punch, is Jenny Lind—not a bad name for the English Nightingale in the East would be "Jenny Lint."

"At length," said an unfortunate man, who had been ruined by vexatious law-suits, "at length I have found happiness, for I am reduced to necessity—and that is the only thing I know of which has no law."

"Gum," asked a darkey, "do you know how dey make de hoe fas in Varginny?" "Yes of course; why dey tie him to de post." Ah, Gum, dat am one fast, but gib him nothin' to eat, am de udder."

## Quill and Scissors.

The Newburyport Herald says of the late William Livingston, that "he was the largest tax payer in Lowell, and within a few years had built a palace residence on the hill by the depot, at a cost of $70,000. His property has been estimated as high as a million of dollars. He went to Lowell without a dollar, and as a laborer. The commencement of his fortune, we believe, was at the building of the railroads in that vicinity."

P. V. Schenck, a peach-grower of Brighton, near Rochester, N. Y., says that not only the buds but the trees also, have been destroyed by the late cold weather. In cutting the limbs from one thousand different peach trees, he found no exception—all had perished.

An Indian bung himself at Oatonagon, the past winter. He was attacked by the small pox, when he drove the other Indians from his camp, took his faithful dog and bung him to the limb of a tree, and then suspended himself from another.

In one of the towns of Indiana, a short time since, a liquor dealer sold a man brandy, from the effects of which he lost his life. A jury, under the new liquor law, awarded the widow of the deceased $500 damages against the dealer.

In Austin, Texas, lately, a slave named Phil entered a store and bought a hundred dollar watch, while his master, who was standing near, declared *he* couldn't buy a brass key to wind it up.

The gold mine said to have been discovered in Worcester county, Md., has, according to the Snow Hill Shield, produced another lump of ore, weighing six ounces, and seemingly richer than the first one.

The house of Mrs. Margaret Woods, on Little River, N. C., was burned, and she in it. Pressley Riley has been committed on suspicion of having killed Mrs. Woods, and set fire to the house.

J. C. Zimmerman, the consul of the Netherlands at New York during the last forty years, died recently, after an illness of only one hour's duration.

The state of affairs in Lavaca, Texas, is briefly summed up by the Register. The spring fights have commenced, business is dull, the fules are low, and everybody enjoying elegant leisure.

Alexander Liholiho, now king of the Sandwich Islands, is hostile to this country, because when here he was expelled from the hotels and first-class cars, as a mulatto.

The receipts of the Niagara suspension bridge last year amounted to $40,000, the first cost being but about $50,000. The new large structure just completed, cost about $500,000.

Four more deaths have resulted from the explosion at the Midlothian Coal Pits, in Chesterfield, Va., making forty-two in all—nine white persons, and thirty-three negroes.

One of the finest specimens of laconic speech is that of Larochejaqueline to his soldiers: "If I advance, follow me—if I fall, avenge me—if I flinch, kill me."

Walter, the architect, is constructing a new cast-iron dome for the capitol at Washington, which will increase the present altitude of that edifice to sixty feet.

One of the most appropriate names we know of, is that of Mr. Yocum, who performs most of the marriage ceremonies in Appleton, Wisconsin.

Rev. Mr. Barry, of Hanover, Mass., a member of the New England Historical Society, has in preparation a History of Massachusetts.

A. D. Erich, an old citizen of Louisville, and well known to the masonic fraternity throughout the country, is dead.

Stetson (a Newburyport boy) is again directing the management of the Astor House, New York, with his unequalled tact.

Three and a half million bushels of wheat was raised in California last year. The average yield per acre was 25 bushels.

The secretary of the treasury acknowledges the receipt of $376 in an envelop, marked "over paid."

Gov. Gardner made his first appearance in uniform at a ball given by the Boston City Guard.

They are demolishing Vauxhall Garden, New York city.

George Bancroft is now visiting the Southern States for the first time.

The corner stone of a new exchange was laid at Toronto a few days since.

## Marriages.

In this city, by Rev Mr. Laurie, Mr. John Knight to Mrs. Mary J. Davis.
By W. A. Goodell, Esq., Mr. Samuel G. Witham to Miss Ellen E. Avery.
By Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., Dr. William Dolby to Miss Christine Louise Mellen.
By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. John Colter to Miss Elizabeth J. Tucker.
By Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Benjamin Case to Mrs. Sarah R. Winship.
By Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. William J. Cutler to Miss Cordelia A. Bigley.
At West Newton, by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, Mr. Charles Sauder to Miss Philippine Muller.
At Winchester, by Rev. Mr. Swain, Mr. Samuel H. Davis to Miss Almira Swan.
At Hingham, Mr. Charles Poor to Miss Sophia Francis Harney.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Mark Morgan to Miss Elizabeth Foss.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. Charles Parker to Miss Susanna T. Maxfield.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. John F. Lowell Mrs. Demaris E. Colton.
At Roxbury, Mass., Mr. Thomas Johnson to Mrs. Harriet Perkins.
At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. William H. Sampson to Miss Lucy A. J. Adams.
At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Harlow, Mr. Charles De Wolf to Miss Rina Swift.
At the City of Mexico, February 17, at the Church of Espiritu Santo, by the Rev. Jose Ma Del Barrio, Mr. Richard G. Ashby, formerly of Newton Lower Falls, Mass., to Miss Concepcion Arellano, of the former place.

## Deaths.

In this city, Miss Harriette Andem Keith, 21; Mr. Thomas McAlaster, 54; Miss Annie Hemenghaus, 22; Mr. Joseph Warren, printer, 60; Mr. William H. Mantor, 66; Miss Esther Wheelwright, 97; Mr. James Hunt, 50; Mr. Daniel B. Newhall, 41; Mrs. Rebecca Raymond, 64; Miss Elizabeth Pratt; Mrs. Mary Johnson.
At Charlestown, Josiah Stearns Hurd, M. D., 59.
At Chelsea, Mrs. Mary B., widow of Mr. Charles K. Walker, 48.
At East Cambridge, Hannah, widow of Mr. Samuel Beck, 82.
At Somerville, Mrs. Charlotte H. Phinney, wife of Mr. William P. Haley, 34.
At South Reading, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Dr. William H. Willis, 36.
At Stoneham, Mrs. Mary B. Rowe, wife of Mr. John L. Rowe, 26.
At Newburyport, Mrs. Joanna W. Russell, 62.
At Worcester, Georgiana, daughter of Mr. Daniel and Lucy Wyman, 7 years.
At Hingham, Miss Harriette P., daughter of Mr. Prentiss Richardson, 16 years.
At Ware, Mrs. S. Amanda Fuller, wife of Rev. George Fuller, 24.
At Grotone, Mrs. Phebe, widow of the late Nathaniel Trask, of Boston, 76.
At Nantucket, Mrs. Phebe W., wife of Mr. Charles H. Putnam, 22.
At New Bedford, Mr. Latham Wood, 66.
At West Andover, John Hinkley, Esq., 68.
At Medway, Mr. Nathaniel Clark, 87.
At Mansfield, Mrs. Mehitable Deane, 69.
At Providence, R. I., Rev. Wm. B. Torrington, 56.
At Little Compton, R. I., Mr. Stephen Brownell, 93.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE TWO PICTURES.

BY EVA BARD.

Brightly the Lehigh, in polished grate burning,
Sheds a warm glow o'er a princely decked hall;
Light, O effulgent, from astrals suspended,
Beams on the throng from the tapestried wall.

O'er the divans sweep the splendid brocade,
Satin-clad feet press the carpeted floor;
Music is sounding from casement of rosewood,
Liveried servants wait at the door.

Sculpture of marble, and paintings of masters,
Wealth's potent magic hath scattered around;
Exotics blooming in vases of parian,
Scatter their sweet-scented leaves to the ground.

Gay forms are tripping the music's soft measure,
Love-light is beaming from dark, liquid eyes;
Fair brows are rivalling the pearls nestling o'er them,
Joy gilds the winglets of time as he flies.

The banquet-hall, light as the brilliance of noonday,
Displays a rich feast as the eye can behold;
Viands and fruits from all climes and all nations,
And wine sparkling bright in its goblets of gold.

O ye gay revellers, lone hearts are aching,
Wan eyes are dim with the fast falling tears;
Dark, bitter thoughts in red bosoms are swelling,
Sadly your mirth-strains resound in their ears.

Thinly clad forms in yon comfortless chamber,
Together sit shivering on a low bed,
Nor cupboard, nor table, nor chairs grace the ceilings,
All, all long ago have been bartered for bread.

The ashes have since grown cold on the hearth-stone,
Not the ray of a taper to lighten the gloom;
No sound save the wailing of famishing children—
O better, far better the sleep of the tomb.

How piercing those cries to the heart of the parent,
What wonder that want swells our annals of crime?
O angel of mercy, the sin that's thus tempted,
Blot out with thy tears from the records of time.

And you, ye wealth-laden, who revel in splendor,
Go scatter your blessings, go dry up each tear;
Remember each day is but hoarding you onward,
To "give an account of your stewardship" here.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## MY WIFE:

### CAN SHE KEEP A SECRET?

BY ARTHUR N. GODFREY.

A QUIET, lonely evening is before me. I question whether I can better employ the time than in writing of her whose presence usually brightens our home. She left me this morning, and her merry laugh still mocks me, as I look upon her portrait on the wall. But, I did not seat myself to indulge in a reverie. I will write a story during Carrie's absence, and in order that the same time may be devoted to my absent family, which they claim when at home, my wife, Carrie Clifton, shall be the subject of my little sketch.

Very little have I to say of our courtship. We certainly have no reason to doubt the truth of the old saying, "True love never runs smooth," for we had some trials, mid the bright consciousness of being loved, which were as the time vexations, though now laughable. Friends interfered, on both sides, most disinterestedly. Many loved Carrie Lee too well to allow her to wed a poor lawyer, without a word of warning from them, particularly as a wealthy young aristocrat sought her hand assiduously. Others thought it absurd that I should think of taking a poor pastor's daughter to my fireside. It was very foolish, so the world said, for Edward Clifton to think of marrying any one at present; but, if determined to do so, he should look about for an heiress.

I will not stop to quote all the old saws, with which we were made acquainted by zealous friends, who loved us too much to allow us to be happy our own way. Did they suppose that Carrie knew nothing of the pinches of poverty? Would the daughter of a country pastor, who had reared eight children on six hundred a year, believe that "when Poverty enters at the door, Love flies out at the window!" No—Carrie had never entered a home more hallowed by family affection than her father's. She knew that they were often compelled to make sacrifices for each other, and of these she had borne her part most cheerfully. For the past two years she had taught music, that she might relieve her father of her support, and help to educate a younger brother.

I had the hearty approval of my parents. My father had married a penniless orphan, and often repeated his favorite maxim, "Better is a fortune *in* a wife, than a fortune *with* a wife." Was it strange that, when inclination so warmly seconded the advice of my parents, I met the remonstrances of other friends with a nonchalance which convinced them that they wasted words on me?

We were married. After a short, but pleasant wedding tour, at twilight of a bright day in early September (1848), we entered our new home for the first time as *Our Home*. Never shall I forget that evening—we were commencing a new life—*not alone* did we seek to battle its ills or enjoy its blessings. We sought the presence of the Father of our spirits, and were happy. Bright, indeed, were the early days of our married life. Was I poor? I did not feel so—to be sure, I had few clients as yet, and was sometimes obliged to deny myself some luxury, because I could not afford it; but I was young and hopeful, indulging none save bright anticipations of the future.

Our first trial came—I laugh now, as I think how small it was; but *then* it was not to be ridiculed. Our most excellent maid of all work told Carrie she must look for another girl, as she was soon to be married. Carrie came to me with the information, it was very provoking that so intelligent a girl as Martha would marry that dolt, Simon Grey. She had half a mind to try to convince her of her foolishness. Upon second thought, however, she concluded that such interference might be similar to those would-be-kindnesses of friends which had troubled her so much a few months before; so she turned her attention to our interest in the matter. What should we do? We might get another girl, but who could supply Martha's place? I was puzzling my wits to think of some one, when Carrie affirmed that she knew just the person to do our housework satisfactorily. Upon my asking who it might be, she replied:

"Carrie Leo Clifton; and if I am not mistaken, our work will be done as well as Simon Grey's."

I treated the idea as absurd, but she would not yield her point; she was sure she should succeed famously—she had found it very nice to have some one to trust with all the care, but she should soon tire of this useless life. Her arguments were so powerfully seconded by the low state of my finances that I consented. Everything passed off smoothly; the change was made, and I found my table always neatly arranged, and the food well cooked. Everything was well done, and if there were petty trials to be borne, I knew nothing of them. We became glad that Martha had left us, and assured ourselves that our first trial was but a blessing in disguise.

In January, 1849, our sister, Kate Lee, came to make us a visit. She was a very lively girl, just sixteen, ready for any fun which might be within the limits of her idea of propriety. She said she had been a sad thorn in the side of Mrs. Deaconess A., of her father's parish, ever since she was born, and she had come to stay with Carrie and me till the good old lady should have time to forget all the mischief she had ever done; then she was going back to please the parish in general, and Mrs. A. in particular, by very sedate behaviour. It was laughable to hear her tell of the pranks she had played, to the horror of old ladies who thought that, had they lived in times when witches had power, they should have believed she was not the minister's child, but some changeling. None had a kinder heart than Kate, none were more truly considerate of the feelings of the afflicted, but she believed that "to everything there is a season," and her mirthfulness was so great, and her perceptions of the ridiculous were so keen, that her "times to laugh" came very frequently. We had a merry time while she was with us, but our frolics need no record.

Kate brought a fine picture, in water colors, as a present to Carrie, which excited a deal of admiration among the ladies who called upon her. It was proposed that she should teach a class in painting while she remained with us. Kate was delighted, and as soon as the class was certain, began to form plans for the disposal of the first money she should earn herself. At tea table, that night, she asserted that she should not let her mother know of her class till her return, as she could thus surprise her with some nice present of her own earning. I told her she would be sure to write of it in her first letter. She was astonished, and so very sure that she could teach as long as she chose, without writing of it, that I was willing to make my assertion stronger. I affirmed that no woman could keep a secret, least of all so talkative a one as she. Upon this point both the girls were willing to debate, and we had a most spirited one for a while, at the end of which Carrie stood pledged to keep the first thing, which she should know worth concealing, a secret from me for two years. If she should ever do so, I was to allow that she could conceal it any length of time if she chose, and therefore that some women can keep secrets, Kate was witness to this novel agreement, and, indeed, had most to say in settling the conditions.

One evening, the next week, I had some writing to do, so the girls sat down to write to Mother Lee, meanwhile. A half hour later, looking up carelessly, I saw Kate brush back her curls and bite her lips with an expression of vexation. Carrie noticed her at the same instant, and gliding quietly behind her chair she read aloud:

"My pupils progress finely, as—"

Poor Kate! How we did tease her, and I neglected not to predict that Carrie would find herself in the same predicament soon. There was some mischief in Carrie's fine eye, as she replied:

"Perhaps I had better give up the idea of trying to keep a secret. What say you, Kate?"

Kate was in the best of humors immediately. She handed her unfinished letter to Carrie as a warning, and commenced on a new sheet. She wrote but two more letters before she went home, and then we were near to remind her of the rapidity with which her pupils progressed; so she was able to surprise her mother as she wished. She spent every cent of her earnings for presents for the family at home, though there was a "love of a bracelet at Conant's" which she wished very much. I knew not, till long after, that she was as much delighted as surprised to find that same bracelet in her trunk, when she arrived at home, as a present from Carrie. How should I have known, when I supposed that my purse supplied my wife's wants, and that, too, without growing perceptibly lighter?

Months sped away after Kate left, and nothing occurred which reminded me of Carrie's resolution. She seemed to be principally occupied with some embroidery, which I, though no judge of things of the kind, thought must be very nice, as she worked so patiently upon it, with so little apparent progress. Certainly, I had no reason to complain, even if that fancy work were a mere contrivance to waste time, since everything in the housekeeping line was so admirably done, and all my wants well attended to, with no hired help, except Black Betty, two half days each week.

One day, about a year after our marriage, a country lad left a letter at my office. I immediately unsealed it, and as I opened it, bank bills fell out. I read:

"Will Mr. Clifton accept the enclosed ninety dollars, from a friend?"

"Generous, certainly!" I exclaimed; and looked about for the boy, but he was gone. Who could he be? Who gave him the letter? How many times I asked myself these questions. At tea time, when I told Carrie of my mysterious good fortune, she seemed very much surprised. She wanted to see the letter, and then bustled about to find an old letter of my father's to see if the hand-writing were like his. Her labors were fruitless, and her guesses were so absurd that I laughed at her for the little knowledge of human nature she evinced. She wondered what I would do with the money, and when I seemed undecided, proposed paying the rent, which she thought must be nearly due. I was extremely curious as to who the donor might be, and what were his real motives for making the present; but my curiosity was so completely baffled that I thought it best to try to believe, as Carrie did, that some one fancied I deserved a reward.

A few weeks after, I saw the same boy in the street, as I was hurrying home to tea. I saw him enter a store, and was about to follow him, when Carrie called to me, as I passed our window. I stopped to tell her where I was going, adding:

"It is vexatious that he should come just now, for I have promised to meet Mr. N. in twenty minutes."

"Please tell him to call here," said Carrie, "and you need trouble yourself no more about him, for I will cross-question him as well as you could."

Of course I had no objection to this proceeding, so as soon as I had told the boy and drank my tea, I went away. In about an hour, Carrie came to the office, and finding me unoccupied, gave me an amusing description of her conversation with the lad. She certainly had acquitted herself most honorably, though she had obtained no clue to the mysterious transaction. She could tell me the boy's name, where he lived, how many brothers and sisters he had, how many cows his father kept, and forty other things as little to the purpose; but the fact was, the boy knew no more of the subject in question than we did ourselves. He was just twelve years old, and had never been in so large a village till the day he carried the letter to Mr. Clifton. That day, as he was staring about, a "big gentleman" told him he would give him sixpence if he would hand a letter into my office, which he pointed out to him. This was the substance of the story, but the manner in which Carrie repeated the conversation, and dilated on the boy's joy at getting a *whole sixpence* for so trifling a service, was very amusing. I concluded that it would be unnecessary to ask the boy any more questions, even if I should meet him.

One day in December of the same year (1849), I found Carrie quite unwell when I went home to dinner. When I left her, she requested me to leave a note at Mr. Colton's, as Mrs. C. was expecting her there that afternoon, and she was unable to go out. That afternoon, about three o'clock, finding I could command an hour's leisure, I went home. In the front hall I paused and listened, long enough to assure myself that Carrie had some pupil at the piano. Thinking my wife might not consider my company particularly desirable just then, I quietly left the house; not, however, without noticing Nellie Colton's bonnet on the hall table. Here was an important discovery—Carrie was teaching music. How very rapidly my mind ran over the many times when the expression of her eyes had puzzled me. I recollected that several times, when we had spoken of money matters, I had half suspected that she had some pleasant surprise for me. Here it all was! Should I tell her immediately that I had discovered her secret, or wait till I could make her betray herself in conversation? Just then, the same country lad passed. I had no idea now of trusting to Carrie's questions, so I hailed him. He told me that a *grand* gentleman had handed him the letter, and added, "He went by me, just before you called to me." I had seen Mr. Colton pass, and doubted not his being the "big gentleman," though he certainly owed the title to his dress and cane, since he is a very small man. I dismissed the boy with another *whole sixpence* to buy gingerbread, and went to Mr. Colton's. After a little general conversation with himself and lady, I said:

"Doubtless you recollect, sir, sending a letter to me, sometime near the first of last September."

He sat a moment, as if in thought, while Mrs. C., who had suddenly dropped a stitch in her knitting, seemed to me to blush, as she bent her head over to fix her work, or, quite as likely, to conceal her face. Mr. Colton did remember the letter, and referred me to his wife for further information concerning it. She said she had found it upon her dressing-table, after spending an afternoon away, and finding that none of the servants knew anything of the matter, she had requested Mr. Colton to send it to me. I told her that, under like circumstances, I should have mentioned such an event to the person chiefly interested, when she replied:

"I spoke of it to your wife, and she seemed to enjoy the idea of puzzling you."

"Doubtless she did," said I, "as I more than suspect that she wrote the letter herself."

Mrs. Colton looked very much surprised, but upon finding that I understood the matter, was very willing to converse concerning it; she told me of many times when Carrie had denied herself valued privileges that she might attend to the pupils. She acknowledged that when Mrs. Clifton first proposed teaching, she thought she must be so irregular that none but her intimate friends would long patronize her. So far from this having been the case, she had always been punctual except a very few times, of which this afternoon was one, when she had sent for the girl to come to her.

When I went home to tea I found Carrie well—at least she said she was—and in high glee over a letter from Kate, in which she announced her intention of repeating her visit at our house, soon. Ah! ha! thought I, I will wait till Kate's arrival before I let Carrie know of my discovery.

Kate came the next week. There was so much to talk about the first day that the mysterious letter was not referred to when I was in the house. The next morning I asked Carrie if she had told Kate of my money-letter, and the latter answered for her:

"Yes, she has; and I think it was a fine affair. I should like a few such letters as that my own self—I assure you I should read them with more interest than I do your brotherly epistles."

"I don't believe she told you the whole story, for she does not know that I have seen the boy again, and that I prove a much better questioner than she did."

Carrie's first glance of anxious, vexed inquiry, as I commenced the sentence, was not unnoticed by me, though in an instant she said, in a very confident tone:

"I do not believe that you have any decided advantage over me, for I am sure that I quizzed that specimen of a Yankee most unmercifully—"

"And found out—how much? Just *nothing*. But what meant that startled glance of yours, my dear, when I told you that *I* had questioned the boy?"

"O, Katie!" she exclaimed, "you don't know how he perverts my poor eyes. At one time he tells me they say unutterable things, and at another, things my tongue refuses to utter. I mean to have me some green goggles, then we'll see if he will always be reading fancy stories in my eyes."

"Do you want to know what I read in your eyes, then?" I asked.

"Yes, if you can put it into English."

"Well, your eyes said, 'I wonder if he has found out that I had an agency in sending that letter,' and," I continued, laughing, "they now express that wonder in the superlative degree."

"Kate, can you see any such nonsense in my poor face?"

"No, no, Carrie, he is only trying to see what you will say. Pray do not think him in earnest."

"But I am in earnest, girls. Carrie undertook to teach music and keep it a secret for two years, and I have discovered all in less than one."

"No, sir," said Kate; "indeed it is not so—if you do pretend to know all, *I* can tell you more; Carrie had been teaching three months when she made the agreement to keep a secret; so you see it has been more than a year."

"And besides," chimed in Carrie, recovering from her surprise, "you have not learned the secret from me; you have seen Mr. Colton."

After teasing the girls a while, I told them how I had solved the mystery, and received a boxed ear from Kate for listening in my own hall. We had a gay time; but I enjoyed quite as well the quiet review of the matter which I had with Carrie, in our own room, that night. She had six pupils, to each of whom she had given lessons twice each week for a year. It seemed to me almost impossible that she could have devoted so much time to anything without exciting my suspicions; but she called my attention to the embroidery, which in truth had seemed very like Penelope's web, and upon which, she now told me, she had rarely set a stitch save in my presence. She wondered I had not thought her growing very fond of visiting, since she had so often told me of going out. She said my father had taken most of her money and given her notes instead, which she would present for payment next time when I should wish the money. I assured her I would spend none of her earnings, unless for some object, for which she should wish as much as myself.

In the spring of 1850 a charming cottage was built on the very finest situation in our village. Upon learning that the builder was unable to pay for it, and that it would probably have to be sold in a couple of years, to close up the mortgage, I determined to try to be the purchaser. I was now doing an excellent business, and able to lay by quite a little sum quarterly. It would certainly be difficult for me to attain the object; but it was worth while to strive for it. *A home of my own*—the phrase began to have a world of happiness concealed in it. Every day, as I passed the pretty cottage, my wish to possess it grew stronger. I, of course, confided my hopes and wishes to Carrie, who fully sympathized with me, and talked so hopefully that she almost led me to believe I should succeed. She had so much confidence in my abilities, and was sure she could help me so much, that it was no wonder she encouraged me a great deal. I soon began to think that however much good I might derive from her sympathy, I should have little more substantial assistance. She was almost lavish of her money; nearly every new publication was handed me with, "A present from Carrie," delicately written upon the fly-leaf. Night after night she handed me money with which to hire a horse that we might ride. This troubled me—every wish of hers I ought to grant; that I knew well enough, but I thought she was a little unreasonable. The rides perhaps were a benefit to her health, and if so must not be discontinued at any price; but the books—I wished she would not make me so many presents, yet I thanked her so cordially for each one, perhaps she thought this was the way to give me most pleasure. How could I do otherwise, since indifference would certainly wound her sensitive feelings? At length, I resolved to tell her how I was feeling at the first opportunity. That night she requested me to take her to ride, and seemed surprised when I hinted that I feared I could not afford to ride so much. Then I began to explain it to her, that though her purse always paid, it was the same thing as though I spent the money myself, which I was so carefully saving for us to get a house.

If ever I wished for a woman's delicate way of presenting a subject, calculated to injure the feelings, it was then. Before I had spoken half a dozen sentences, my wife was in tears. I blamed myself very much for telling her so abruptly; she was very glad I had told her, and only blamed me that I had indulged those naughty thoughts of her an instant without telling her. She said she would be more careful of her expenses, but she hardly thought it expedient to relinquish the riding, as she ought to be out of doors a great deal, and she disliked to walk about the village. I agreed with her, but thought it would be much cheaper to hire Mr. Eldon's horse by the month, than to patronize the livery stable every time; so we promenaded in the garden that night, and I secured a horse the next day. Carrie carefully kept account of all the money she received, as well as of that she paid out, she said; but I never saw her account book, though I did not suppose she cared to conceal it. It was a little singular that it should be out of place twice, when I casually expressed a wish to see it.

On the 25th of September my little boy was born. I need not write my joy at this event. Any, but a father, would judge me very silly were I to express even half the feelings of that time, and a young father will need no description to understand my emotions fully. It was a little wonderful to me to find my heart expanding so suddenly. How beautiful Carrie, my own Carrie, seemed to me in her weakness, with the light of love beaming from every feature. Then it was a grand affair to name the baby; and it was our own affair, too; we did not ask all the aunts, cousins and neighbors to help us, not we; nor did we call him "Bub" till he was nearly old enough to name himself. We gave his grandfather's and his father's names immediately, and henceforth Charles Edward Clifton was very nearly as important a member of the family as myself. Charlie required a deal of his mother's time. Music scholars could no longer be attended to, that was evident, so Carrie dismissed all but two, whom she wished to keep that she might provide her own pin money.

Kate came to spend a few weeks with us, and brought Carrie an old pair of green goggles; how comically she looked with them on! But she said they were quite useless now.

How very fast the time flew! I was trying to earn and save all I could, for I still desired the cottage as much as ever. I read law with a determination to excel in my profession. Happiness and diligence ever make time to pass swiftly. One day early in the spring of 1852, Mr. Colton remarked to me that the mortgage on Mr. Allen's house was to be closed in about two months.

"Ah, so soon?" said I. "It will be for sale, then, I suppose?"

"Yes, if not sold before," he replied; "but Mr. Allen wishes to sell out as speedily as possible and start for California."

As soon as Mr. Colton left me I went to Allen. I found him very anxious to sell his property, even if at less than its real worth. He had that morning received a letter from a brother, in California, urging him so earnestly to come out there that he had resolved to go; and he was so sure that a fortune was easily acquired there, that the sacrifice of a few hundreds before he started seemed to him of little importance. I told him I wished the refusal of his house for a couple of days at the price he named.

I must borrow money to make the purchase; would it be best? I was in doubt; so I went home to consult my wife. I had scarcely broached the subject, when she took Kate's goggles from her work-box, and put them on, observing that her eyes were getting weak, and she thought if shaded when she was not using them, they would improve. I told her I would get her some colored glasses, that she might not look quite so ridiculous, and then we commenced our deliberations on the contemplated purchase. Carrie wished to know just the amount my funds would fall short. I told her that if I could collect some bills which I had in my hands, I should need but eight hundred dollars, but I should probably want a thousand. She said if that was all I needed, she advised me by all means to buy the house. She could see no objection to my borrowing that amount, as she was sure I was doing well, and could get trusted for such a sum. Of course I could, but I did not like to do so. I began to look at the dark side. Even if I should borrow the money and buy the house, should we be as well off? Should we not want a great deal of new furniture? Yes, if I borrowed to buy the house, I must borrow more for furniture, and very likely we should be tempted to extend my credit still further to keep up a better style of dress and living. I was going on in such a croaking strain when Carrie laughed right merrily.

"Well, my dear," said she, "I do think you are making yourself ridiculous. You came here, you said, to ask my advice; I told you to buy the house, and since then you have given me so many reasons for not making the purchase, that I begin to think you decided before you came home. Why are you not sensible enough to ask me how much I have saved for the purpose?"

Carrie threw the goggles to Charlie, and left the room. I began to see that the weak eyes were only weak, inasmuch as they could not control their own expression, and was ready for any sum of money she might bring me—indeed, I half expected she would reappear with her apron full of change. No such thing; she soon came back and seated herself quietly by me. I looked at her an instant, then said:

"Carrie, can you help me?"

"That is a sensible question, and I answer, yes, I can," she replied, at the same time drawing a small purse from her pocket, from which she took four papers, and handed me three of them. They were notes—one of four hundred dollars, and two of three hundred each; all were signed by my father, and payable on demand.

"Why, what does this mean?" said I.

"It means that your father has safely invested my money, and given me his notes in place of it," she answered.

"But the money? What means your having so much?"

"That you have a wife who can keep a secret. Do you believe I can?"

"Yes, yes, I will believe almost anything, if you will tell me how you got the money."

"Well, the four hundred dollars are the proceeds of my music teaching. I have written for various magazines and papers for the past two years and a half, besides publishing that little volume of poems you admire so much, and a collection of stories. One publisher, in particular, has paid me very liberally, so you may guess how much I can assist you in furnishing our house."

The rest of our conversation must remain unrecorded.

That evening I walked over to Mr. Allen's, to tell him that I should be ready to draw writings for his house and pay cash down the next day. After my return I asked Carrie to read from her poems, and she read the remainder of the evening. I had admired the poems very much when I attributed them to a stranger, b more beautiful as my Carrie's had never thought before they twilight conversations. How oft beautiful, poetic sentiments from yet had never dreamed that sh those sweet fancies which charmed of the world.

The next morning we went over quite early. My mother was surp the less pleased, to see us at that had Charlie seated with them breakfast. As soon as there was conversation, I told my father th debted to a mere whim for this on business.

"Eh!" said he, seeming to un glance how matters stood, "have truth of what I told you some for

"And some scores of times s you mean your maxim, 'Better i wife, than a fortune with a wife.'"

"That is it; it loses nothing But how much money do you w the twinkle of Carrie's eye that is

"We would like all I asked you replied Carrie.

My father said the money im we left very soon.

That day writings were drawn possession of the long wished for on the fifteenth of May. When for the evening, Carrie proposed to come and help move. She write to her mother of my lat Kate should know nothing of it Upon expressing surprise that t part of her writing, Carrie assur one except our parents and myse of it. She told my father, in or assistance and advice, and her mo was such a pleasure to confide in

"Not even the publishers knew added Carrie, "though their mis own making. I have signed my 'Carrie L. Clifton,' and they s 'Miss' when they write to me corrected them, as, coming as t done to your father's care, they likely to attract the notice of our

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I will not tire the reader with our removal, but will assure hi unanimously declared we were with every article of furniture in it would probably occupy for y great rejoicing. Mid all this failed to mark Carrie's progress she was writing; several sketc periodicals were sent, but this me most because it was to be pr by itself. Each day Carrie wro she said she could easily make t the habit of writing at the so morning is a valuable one. D Carrie has a study fitted up a own taste, in which I am writi because it seems the pleasantest is absent. The first evening w brought forward her account b spection. She said she hoped t be another important secret be pleasure of the surprise did not interchange of thought we migh

One day, about the first of Ju Carrie a letter, which she rea me. It was from Henry C. C her that he expected to pass th soon, when he would be happy quaintance personally. Carrie was the publisher, who had s efforts to write for the public, paid her more liberally than a done. She immediately answ giving him the desired information, and expressing the ple anticipate in meeting one, fro received letters so long.

A few days later, as we were rie's singing, the door-bell ran the door, where she found a y who, after asking if she were sented his card and requested his (Mr. Carroll's) arrival. I and found "Miss Clifton" to l mother, the warm blood rush an instant, but he immediately possession. A lively conver which he bore his part so well Carrie, after his departure, th was a perfect gentleman in was going farther north, to be a fortnight, and promised to ca Meantime, the day on which home came. That morning a that it was a pity she must go some fellow came back. She her cap for him, if he had not suddenly that she had not to O, dear! it was too bad, now see him again.

Our young lady readers, who sense, and sometimes been ca imagine that she blushed most the door opened not two minut speaking, and Mr. Carroll was wished "that handsome fell Red Sea rather than there to lous. Fortunately for her, Ch be pulling a beautiful rose in t ing the petals over the carpet.

"O, sir, Charlie! you must of you," said she, as she hast ing them up. How very sen must have thought Kate, if he blushed at a child's mischief. his business much sooner that

I attributed them to a stranger, but they seemed more beautiful as my Carrie's. I wondered I had never thought before they were like her twilight conversations. How often had I heard beautiful, poetic sentiments from her lips, and yet had never dreamed that she could speak those sweet fancies which charmed me in the car of the world.

The next morning we went over to my father's quite early. My mother was surprised, but none the less pleasad, to see us at that time, and soon had Charlie seated with them for a second breakfast. As soon as there was a pause in the conversation, I told my father they were not indebted to a mere whim for this call, as I came on business.

"Eh!" said he, seeming to understand at a glance how matters stood, "have you found the truth of what I told you some four years ago?"

"And some scores of times since, father, if you mean your maxim, 'Better is a fortune *in* a wife, than a fortune *with* a wife.'"

"That is it; it loses nothing by repeating. But how much money do you want? I see by the twinkle of Carrie's eye that *is* your errand."

"We would like all I asked you to have ready," replied Carrie.

My father paid the money immediately, and we left very soon.

That day writings were drawn which secured possession of the long wished-for cottage to me on the fifteenth of May. When we were seated for the evening, Carrie proposed writing to Kate to come and help move. She said she would write to her mother of my late surprise; but Kate should know nothing of it till her arrival. Upon expressing surprise that Kate was ignorant of her writing, Carrie assured me that no one except our parents and myself knew aught of it. She told my father, in order to have his assistance and advice, and her mother, because it was such a pleasure to confide in.

"Not even the publishers knew my real name," added Carrie, "though their mistake is of their own making. I have signed my letters to them 'Carrie L. Clifton,' and they always prefix a 'Miss' when they write to me. I have never corrected them, as, coming as the letters have done to your father's care, they have been less likely to attract the notice of our postmaster."

Kate's letter was despatched, and we soon received an answer, in which she said she would come, though she had half a mind to stay away to punish us for being so negligent as to have omitted telling her where we were going to move.

Ere long Kate came. It would be useless to attempt to describe her merriment, when she found how nicely Carrie had proved that a woman *can* keep a secret. The fact was so clearly established she was sure she should never need to bridle her tongue for the credit of womanhood.

I will not tire the reader with an account of our removal, but will assure him that when we unanimously declared we were fairly settled, with every article of furniture in the place which it would probably occupy for years, there was great rejoicing. Mid all this bustle I had not failed to mark Carrie's progress in a story which she was writing; several sketches for different periodicals were sent, but this story interested me most because it was to be printed in a volume by itself. Each day Carrie wrote one hour, for she said she could easily make up that time, and the habit of writing at the same hour every morning is a valuable one. In the new house Carrie had a study fitted up according to her own taste, in which I am writing this evening, because it seems the pleasantest room when she is absent. The first evening we spent here she brought forward her account books for my inspection. She said she hoped there would never be another important secret between us, as the pleasure of the surprise did not make up for the interchange of thought we might have had.

One day, about the first of June, father brought Carrie a letter, which she read and handed to me. It was from Henry C. Carroll, informing her that he expected to pass through our village soon, when he would be happy to make her acquaintance personally. Carrie told me that this was the publisher, who had accepted her first efforts to write for the public, and had always paid her more liberally than any one else had done. She immediately answered his letter, giving him the street and number of our residence, and expressing the pleasure she should anticipate in meeting one, from whom she had received letters so long.

A few days later, as we were listening to Carrie's singing, the door-bell rang. Kate went to the door, where she found a young gentleman, who, after asking if she were Miss Clifton, presented his card and requested her to announce his (Mr. Carroll's) arrival. When he entered and found "Miss Clifton" to be both a wife and mother, the warm blood rushed to his face for an instant, but he immediately regained his self-possession. A lively conversation ensued, in which he bore his part so well as to draw from Carrie, after his departure, the remark that he was a perfect gentleman in appearance. He was going farther north, to be gone ten days or a fortnight, and promised to call when returning. Meantime, the day on which Kate was to go home came. That morning she gaily remarked that it was a pity she must go before that handsome fellow came back. She should have set her cap for him, if he had not come and gone so suddenly that she had no time to think of it. O, dear! it was too bad; now she should never see him again.

Our young lady readers, who have talked nonsense, and sometimes been caught, will readily imagine that she blushed most beautifully when the door opened not two minutes after she ceased speaking, and Mr. Carroll was announced. She wished "that handsome fellow" was in the Red Sea rather than there to make her ridiculous. Fortunately for her, Charlie happened to be pulling a beautiful rose in pieces, and throwing the petals over the carpet.

"O, fie, Charlie! you make aunty ashamed of you," said she, as she busied herself in picking them up. How very sensitive Mr. Carroll must have thought Kate, if he noticed how she blushed at a child's mischief. He had finished his business much sooner than he expected, and intended starting for home that afternoon. Carrie informed him that he and Kate would be fellow passengers, and invited him to dine with us. He expressed his pleasure at the prospect of company, for a part of his journey, and his willingness to accept her invitation; then, after some general conversation, he left the ladies, in order to attend to some business. Kate said no more about "setting her cap" for Mr. Carroll, though Carrie assured her there would be a fine opportunity in the cars.

Things went on as usual during the summer and fall. In November we received a letter from Kate, informing us that she intended spending the winter in the city. Cousin Ellen had written for her to come; she had gained the consent of her parents, and expected to be in —— by the very first of December. During the winter we had frequent letters from her, in most of which she mentioned Mr. Carroll, who was a friend of cousin Ellen's.

Spring came and went, but we took no note of it. Summer, glad summer, came, and on one of its earliest, brightest days, a precious little charge was laid in my arms—a darling little daughter. How joyfully we welcomed her to our hearts and home! If it were possible, we thought her prettier than Charlie had been. In how many pleasant day dreams of the future I indulged myself! Surely, life was one bright day-dream to me. Carrie was again well, and her increase of cares did not lead her to throw by her pen. We had now secured the services of Susan Bliss, sister to our valuable Martha, whose loss had troubled us so much. Little Mary required much less attention than Charlie had seemed to do, and he, though a rogue of nearly three years, learned to know that he must never enter his mother's study unbidden.

It was a bright summer, but care and grief came with the autumn, and touched me where I was most vulnerable. Had my children been sick, I should not have been alone in my anxiety, yea, had they died, Carrie's gentle, holy precepts would have strengthened my heart, and I think I could have borne the trial without a murmur. But Carrie, my precious Carrie, was sick. We had been to her father's for a visit, which we had enjoyed very much. It was the first time we had carried our little Mary Lee, and we were proud to present her little namesake to our mother. On our way home Carrie had a severe headache, which she thought was caused by riding in the cars. The next morning she was very much worse. I sent for the doctor, who said she evidently must have a run of fever. I sent for my mother, and my father came with her. Carrie grew worse very fast; on the fourth day I sent for my father and mother Lee. Carrie had her senses but a small part of the time; on the seventh day the doctor told my father there was no hope. Perhaps he thought he had chosen the one of her relatives who would bear the shock most calmly. He was mistaken; her own father would have been comparatively calm, I think—*as* for mine, he wept like a child, and repeated the words of the physician to us all. Ah! that sad day! How inconceivably dear to me had Carrie become, now that I felt I must lose her. O, it must not be! I tried to think it would be an unjust act for God to take her from me. It could not be for the best that she should be taken from our children. I shudder as I think how unchristian were the bitter thoughts of those hours. I thought not of the many times when we had spoken cheerfully of death—when she told me not to weep over her grave, but to believe her spirit still with me, rejoicing in my joys, sympathizing in my sorrows, and influencing me for good at all times. I remembered not her sublime trust in our Father—I was not myself—I was mad with grief. Was there no hope? There *was* hope—shame on the physician who had said there was none! Dr. B. had been sent for; when he should come, he would help her.

She was sane for a little while that afternoon. Shall I ever forget those moments? I hope not, for they did my soul good. As I sat by her, and heard her converse cheerfully, though with great difficulty, of her situation, of our children, and of the Holy Father, who was very near her in her weakness, the bitter thoughts left me. I was better—I became willing to trust the All Merciful, *even with her fate*. I prayed earnestly, yet humbly, and was enabled to say from my heart, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt, my Father." I had not given up hope—I could not do that so long as there was life. I thought I had become reconciled to the Father's will—I hope I had; but to him all thanks are due that I was spared the dreadful trial.

When Dr. B. arrived she was delirious again. Dr. S. gave him a brief account of her sickness, and the medicine which had been administered.

"Bad, bad, all bad!" he muttered; "but she *may* get well."

I knew that he had little hope, but mine was strengthening. I seemed to *feel* that he would do her good, and he did. Long, sad, wearisome days did she linger between life and death, and all the world seemed dark to me. Even the prattle of my little ones but added a pang to my overburdened heart. At length she was pronounced convalescent, and all our friends left except our mother Lee. Carrie mourned some that our poor little May had been deprived of her care when so very young, but usually she was very cheerful while regaining her health. We had so much to be thankful for that we were not disposed to murmur at light trials. We felt that we had been chastened for our good, since we now more fully realized the protection of the Almighty. The depth of our love for each other had been revealed to us as it never could have been in health.

Near the last of October our mother Lee left us, and sent Kate to us on her arrival at home. Dear Kate, how unlike her usual self she was, now there was sickness in the house. She moved about so noiselessly, and was so careful to prevent the children's disturbing Carrie, that she was most valuable. Ere long Carrie was able to assume some of her duties; and with the commencement of 1855 she resumed her pen. Since then she has written every day. Kate and Henry Carroll were married two weeks ago, and came here while on their wedding tour.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE PATRIOT'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

In one of the romantic mountain districts of western Massachusetts, was situated the pleasant little village of A——. It was composed mostly of substantial farmers, some of whom had emigrated directly there from old England, and although possessing a loyal and hearty affection for their mother country, yet when that mother, with unnatural tyranny, began to oppress and grind her absent children with a ruinous taxation, they were among the first to express their indignation. There was one old farm-house in the village that contained a noble spirit, to whom it was a sore trial that he could not shoulder arms, and march, like others of his townsmen, in the ranks of liberty. Uncle Ralph Stanley, as he was familiarly called, had a palsied limb, which rendered him unfit for active service in the patriot army; but he fitted out his son and sent him forth in his stead, a noble representative of his worthy sire. But the light and joy of his aged heart, the sunshine of that old homestead in these hours of their country's trial, was the gentle Marion. One bright summer morning, she set forth on some trivial errand to one of their neighbors. She had not gone far when, in an opening among the trees that stood in a bend in the road, she saw two British soldiers, in their red uniform, approaching. Having often heard of their insolence to unprotected maidens, she hastily concealed herself in a thicket of bushes. To her consternation, when they arrived opposite where she was hid, they seated themselves, and began a confidential chat, to which she was obliged to become a listener.

"That's a fine looking old house out yonder," said the elder of the two to his companion, whose dress indicated him to be an officer. "I wonder who lives there?"

"Old Ralph Stanley, I have been told; and, by the way, there is a little rebel flower flourishing there, in the shape of a pretty daughter of the old gentleman."

"Ah! that indeed, we must show her a specimen of British gallantry; shall we make a call?"

"With all my heart, and I propose that we dine there, for I passed that way this morning, and caught this same lassie gathering vegetables in the garden, and I rather think they are going to have what the Yankees call a boiled dinner. And I own I like the way they get up these affairs marvellously well."

"Well, we'll dine there, but I must unfold to you a project I've got in my head. What say you to a little sport, in the way of capturing the enemy's guns?"

"Anything to employ the time. But how do you propose to accomplish your object?"

"That'll be easy enough, I'll warrant, for you see the young men of the town have enrolled themselves into a company of minute-men, and are going to meet to-night in the woods back of the old red school house, about a mile west of here. By great exertions they have managed to arm themselves with guns, and quite a supply of ammunition, and now I think a few of our company might to-night capture their guns, ammunition and all."

"Capital plan, that. I'll be on hand as soon as it is fairly dark, and we'll have some rare sport. I rather think if these contemptible young rebels join Washington's army at Cambridge, they will have to go minus their weapons."

"But come, Bates, we must be off and get our party organized. A walk of two or three miles will give us a nice appetite for that boiled dinner."

The two now left their seat by the roadside, and were soon out of sight. Marion having made sure of their departure, sprang into the road with a bound, her eyes flashing and her cheek glowing.

"So they are going to show me a specimen of British gallantry, are they?" she mentally exclaimed, as she hurried home; "I'll show them a specimen of Yankee hospitality to offset it."

"Well, what news this morning, Marion?" asked Uncle Ralph, as his daughter entered.

"Glorious news, father. They have chosen George Washington commander-in-chief of the American army. They say he is a noble specimen of a soldier, and will adorn his post of honor."

"God be praised, that their choice has fallen upon him," replied the father. "I have heard of his brave deeds before. O, that I could do something for my suffering country, besides mope here at home!"

"Well, father, you can show your patriotism in one way to day, and that is by postponing your favorite dinner till another day."

"How so, Marion; what wild prank has entered into your head now?"

"Did you see those two British soldiers pass the house a short time ago?"

"Yes, and it made my blood boil, to see them stop at my strawberry-bed yonder, and pluck the largest berries they could find."

"Well, I overheard these same worthies say it was their intention to dine with us to day, because they thought, from seeing me gather vegetables this morning, we were going to have a boiled dinner. Now I propose giving them a boiled dish of quite another sort from what they expect. What say you, father, may I cook what I like to day? I promise it shall be good wholesome food, and cooked well, too."

"Anything you like, Marion, but not a blessed vegetable out of my garden shall they have today. Impudent rascals, hirelings of a tyrant, they not only insult and deride us, but they prey upon our substance."

Twelve o'clock, the good old fashioned dinner hour, came, and with it the two guests of Uncle Ralph. They sat their guns down behind the front door, and with as much familiarity as if they belonged to the house, marched out into the kitchen and demanded some water and a towel, to wash before dinner. Marion hastily procured the necessary articles, and while they were engaged in washing, she went through another room, seized the guns that were standing by the door, and taking up a loose board in the entry floor, safely deposited them there, and replacing it again, she entered the sitting-room and busied herself in finishing her preparations for dinner. She placed a huge dish of hasty-pudding on the table, with a pitcher of molasses on either side, and having blown the dinner-horn for their hired man, politely invited the gentlemen to sit up and dine with them. With looks of disappointment and chagrin they obeyed the summons, and were helped by Uncle Ralph to the smoking pudding.

"I do not wish to disparage the cooking of any fair lady," said Bates, "but I do wonder at the taste of you Yankees, in getting such detestable mush as this for dinner. Couldn't you give us a cup of tea, miss, to wash this down?"

"Tea, forsooth!" said Marion; "that's an article we haven't had in the house this six months. Since the unjust tax imposed upon it by the king we have done without that luxury."

"Ha, ha! that's a good one. I guess you'll soon find out your foolishness. What can you feeble colonies do with the power of England?"

"We'll do what we did at Bunker Hill," said Uncle Ralph. "I suppose you don't remember what sort of spirit was displayed there?"

"Well, the Americans did fight pretty well there, but they had to retreat at last."

"Not while they had a dust of powder left," said Marion, with spirit. "I had a brother who fought in that battle, and I shall ever after think of it with pride. Will you be helped to some more pudding?"

"No more of the odious stuff; what I have eaten lodges in my throat."

"Here is some excellent water that will remedy that difficulty," said Marion, filling a tumbler of water and placing it before him with provoking politeness. "As for the pudding, it is called excellent food for the health, it makes strong, vigorous rebels; I advise you to introduce it as an article of diet in the British camp."

"Zounds! what has become of our guns?" said the two, as they prepared for their departure.

"Where did you leave them," inquired Marion, "when you came in?"

"Behind the door, and I should like to know who has dared to meddle with them," roared the officer.

"I was busy about the dinner when you came in, and did not see you lay them down. But, really, I think behind the door was a very careless place, especially as you left it open."

Judging that some thievish rebel had stolen their guns from the door-way, Uncle Ralph's two guests took their departure from the old farm-house, much to the satisfaction of all its inmates. Marion stepped quietly but quickly about her work that afternoon, and a close observer might have seen a merry twinkle about her eye now and then, but she kept her thoughts to herself. Towards night, Marion stole out to the barn, saddled her horse, and taking one of the guns she had so adroitly managed to get possession of, she started off for the old red school-house.

A company of young men had turned that ancient seat of learning into an armory, and having stacked their guns when, in being a bright, moonlight evening, they assembled in a piece of woods, just in the rear, and were busy talking over their proposed march on the morrow to head quarters, when they were startled by the sudden appearance of Marion.

"What an array of wonder-struck faces," exclaimed Marion, gaily, as she seated herself on a log near by. "Do you think I am a fairy or a ghost, because I was abroad this warm twilight?"

"Neither," said the captain of the little band, "but we own we were surprised at your sudden appearance among us. I hope you have good news."

"Well, such as I have you shall quickly hear, for there is no time to be lost. I overheard today two British soldiers laying a plan to capture your guns this evening, and they are now on their way here. I advise you to capture them yourselves first, and be ready to receive your visitors. To give you warning of their approach I ventured out to night alone."

"You are a noble girl, Miss Stanley," said the captain, grasping her hand; "in the name of the company, I thank you. But you surely must not return alone, one of my men shall accompany you."

"Allow me that pleasure," said Henry Burton, approaching Marion. "I fully agree with the captain, that it would be unsafe for you to return alone."

"I am unwilling to take any of you away from your duty, as I think your services will shortly be needed, but if it is unsafe to return as I came, I shall be most happy of your company."

Leaving the little patriot band to prepare for their British visitors, Marion and Henry, taking a by-road that led through the woods, were soon on their way home.

"What think you of the war, that I suppose we what now consider as actually begun?" said Marion.

"I have but one thought about it," said Henry, "and that *is*, the cause of liberty will finally triumph. Old England will yet find she has stirred up a spirit this side of the water not to be put down. I had hoped to join the company from our village, but I shall have to stay at home, for I have had the misfortune to injure my gun, so that it is unfit for use. There is not another to be obtained anywhere in this region, and I am sure I cannot think of presenting myself before Washington without a weapon of some kind."

"If that is the only reason why you cannot join the army, I can easily remove that difficulty. This gun I have with me shall be at your service."

"I shall be proud to receive it at your hands, Marion, but how did you get possession of it?"

"You know I said this evening that I overheard two British soldiers talking about the attack that your company are preparing for. Well, these very soldiers invited themselves to dine at our house, and, watching an opportunity, I managed to get their guns."

"That was well managed, Marion. I am glad to see the mothers and daughters of the country taking such an interest in the present struggle. I am an orphan, without any one in the wide world I can claim kindred with, so that if I fall in battle, there will be no one to weep for me."

"Don't say so, Henry, you know you have always been a favorite in the village. There would be many tearful eyes here, if such a fate should be yours," she added, in a tremulous tone.

"Marion, can I dare hope you feel any more than a sisterly regard for me?" If I could, there would be no hardship too great for me, no danger too imminent, if thereby I could gain a home for you under the broad banner of freedom."

"Methinks these are strange times to talk of love, Henry; but if the knowledge that your image has been enshrined in my heart ever since we were children, can give you one degree more of courage to battle for the right, then bear this knowledge with you, for such is the fact."

"God bless you, Marion, a thousand fold, for these words of comfort and hope. When I left home this morning, my heart was heavy and sad, the future looked dark to me; but with the consciousness that I leave behind me one who takes an interest in my fate, I can go forth with a stronger arm. I have always felt that I was alone in the world, but now I will cherish that feeling no longer."

"I have often noticed that you looked depressed and sad, when others were gay, and have longed to tell you how deeply I sympathized with you. But you know, Henry, that would have been rather a bold push, for a maiden to have made unasked."

"But you *have* spoken words now, Marion, that I hope may never be recalled. Here we are almost at your father's door, and as the company commence their march to-morrow, I cannot see you again before they start, and perhaps it is God's will we shall never meet again, at any rate, let us hope for the best."

"One moment, Henry, before you go. Here is a banner I have fashioned in my leisure hours. Take it with you—remember its motto, 'We fight for liberty,' and never let it be trampled in the dust."

"I will defend it to the last, Marion, and I pledge my word that not a man in the company from A—— will prove false to it."

With an adieu, the lovers parted, and Marion, watching the form of Henry till his gallant steed had borne him from her view, alighted from her own horse, led him carefully to the barn, lest she should wake her father, and then retired with a heart whose joy was too deep for utterance.

Henry arrived among his comrades just in time to receive their British visitors, commanded by Captain Bates. They marched with a stealthy pace into the old school-house, and just as they were congratulating themselves upon the success of their expedition, they heard the door lock upon the outside, and the voice of the captain of the minute-men coolly telling them, that if they chose to leave the house in single file and empty handed, they might do so, otherwise they advanced at their peril.

Not knowing the number of their enemy, the few red coats that had boasted they alone were sufficient for the enterprise, after a brief consultation, agreed to comply with the conditions of their captors, and very sheepishly issued from their prison, without a single captured gun, and minus their own. Thus in the next day the minute-men of A—— marched to the army with fuller ranks, as they could arm a larger number of men with the guns the British had left behind.

Henry Burton rose to high honors in the army, and as soon as they were ordered into winter quarters, he obtained leave of absence from his commander, and hastened to his native village, where in the presence of her aged father and a few other friends, he wed his brave Marion, who until the close of the war, was unwearying in her exertions to aid the patriot army.


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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## FANCY.

BY MARY DELL.

Our life were dull, if Fancy never threw
Her magic power around to cheer our way;
Stern were the minds of men, if they withdrew
Forever from her bright, entrancing ray.
O thanks to Heaven! Imagination glows
Amid the dull realities of life;
Over the rugged rocks her foliage grows,
The gloomy vales are with her flowerets rife.

She lights her lamp above the jaded boy,
Who sighs for hours o'er some brain-wearying page;
And shows afar his present toils' alloy,
The wreaths of fame upon his brow in age.
The longest task seems light, when Fancy paints
The worth of honor and the joy of fame;
The laggard mind wakes up, nor tires, nor faints,
But pants to gain a time-enduring name.

Mid rougher scenes in manhood's busier time,
She tells enchanting tales of wealth and power;
And fancy-led, men roam from clime to clime,
Strangers to peace and pleasure's sunny bower.
Fame is the school-boy's dream, but manhood rocks
Less of the laurel wrath than diamond's sheen;
And oftener walks where wealth and fashion gecks,
Than where the mark of mind and worth is seen.

But Fancy's holiest task is where she shows
Unto the eye of Age that home afar;
Where every flower that withered, freshly blows,
To fade no more, nor feel the tempest's war.
O, say not Fancy is an idle thing;
A useless vapor, or a fading ray;
O happier we beyond earth's proudest king,
When reason guides, and fancy glids our way.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE TABLES TURNED.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

One evening, not long since, a number of us, old ship-masters, chanced to meet at a social supper, and after the cloth was removed we went in for yarn spinning. Among our number was Captain Richard Nutter, and a finer man, or a better sailor, never trod a deck. At length it came his turn to tell a story, or, what we prefirred—and what the rest of us had done—relate some incident of experience in his own life.

"Will, boys," he said, as he rejected the wine, which was at that moment passed to him for the first time, "I will give you a bit of the early part of my ocean life, and it is a very important bit, too, for upon it I have built the whole of my subsequent manhood."

We prepared to listen to Captain Nutter with the most perfect attention, for he was not only an old seaman, but one of the most successful commanders in our mercantile marine. We listened, and his story was as follows:

"I was very young when I first entered on shipboard, and at the age of fourteen I considered myself quite a sailor. When I was eighteen I was shipped on board an East Indisman, for a long voyage. There were six of us on board of about the same age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The ship—the old Lady Dunlap—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two, all told. We 'boys,' as we were called, messed together, and in all other respects were separate from the rest of the crew, just as much as the officers were. Our captain was a noble-hearted, honorable man, kind and generous, but yet very strict. Of course we youngsters found plenty of occasion to find fault with him, and very often were his decisions arraigned before our mess and decidedly condemned. In fact, we should have reversed many of his judgments if we had had the power; but as he was the commander, and we only foremast hands—and boys at that—he had his own way, and the luminous decisions we came to were consequently of no avail, and lost to the world.

"Now we boys had learned, in the course of our travels, to drink our grog as well as any sailors. We could toss off a glass of rum and water with as much grace as any one, and we claimed the right so to do, not only as a privilege, but as an honor to which a life upon the ocean entitled us. But even in this respect our captain pretended to differ from us. When we could get on shore, we would invariably indulge in our cups, and not unfrequently would we come off, or be brought off, in a state anything but sober. I said 'we;' but there was one of our number who never could be induced to touch a drop of anything intoxicating. His name was John Small, and he belonged in one of the back towns of New Jersey.

"Now Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave that job up, however, for we made such sport of him that he was glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes, and it was not long before he began to show Jack Small favors which he did not show to us. He would often take Jack on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. Of course this created a sort of envy on our part, and it ended in a decided ill-will towards poor Jack.

"Now in truth, Jack was one of the best fellows in the world. He was kind, obliging, honest, always willing to lend a helping hand in case of distress, and as true a friend as ever lived,—only he wouldn't drink with us, that was all. No—that wasn't all. He learned faster than we did,—he was a better sailor, and had learned more of navigation. But this we tried to lay to the captain's paying him the most attention, though we knew better at the time, for we had the privilege of learning just as much as we had a mind to. The truth of the matter was, we five loved the idea of being 'old salts,' better than we did anything else, and we spent more time in watching for opportunities to have a spree than we did in learning to perfect ourselves in the profession we had chosen.

"It even got so at length, that Jack Small was called upon to take the deck sometimes, when the officers were busy, and he used to work out the reckoning at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eye-sore. We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particular, and yet we wouldn't open our eyes. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to tease and run him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for a while.

"At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken, we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. Once more we laughed and joked with him in the mess, and he in return helped us in our navigation. We were on our homeward bound passage, by the way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we were to remain a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing.

"Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it should be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as he got on shore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches, and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once, and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner was eaten, we would have some light sweet wine brought on, and that we would contrive to get rum enough into what he drank to upset him, for nothing on earth could please us more than to get Jack Small drunk, and carry him on board in that shape, for then we fancied the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves. We had the matter all arranged, and in the meantime we paid Jack all the attention in our power—so much so that he at length signified a willingness to go anywhere to please us, provided we would not go to any bad place.

"Dinner time came, and a most capital dinner we had. We had selected one of the best hotels, for the prices were no higher there than at places of lower repute, and, in fact, not so high, for these low places fleece a sailor most unmercifully. The eatables were despatched with becoming gusto, and then the dishes were removed, and at a sign from me the wine was brought on.

"'Ah! what have you here?' asked Jack, betraying some uneasiness at the appearance of the glasses and bottles.

"'Only a little new wine,' I replied, as carelessly as I could. 'More juice of the grape.'

"'But it's wine, nevertheless,' pursued he.

"'It isn't wine,' cried Sam Pratt, who was one of the hardest *nuts* old Neptune ever cracked.

"'No,' chimed in Tim Black, another of about the same stamp. 'It's only a little spirituous. Come, boys, fill up.'

"The glasses were accordingly filled, Sam Pratt performing that duty, and he took good care that Jack's glass had a good quantity of sweetened rum in it.

"'No,' said Jack, as the glass was moved towards him; 'if you are going to commence thus, I will keep you company with water while you remain orderly, but I will not touch your wine.'

"This was spoken very mildly, and with a kind smile, but yet it was spoken firmly, and we could see that our plan was about being knocked in the head. We urged him to drink with us—only one glass, if no more. We told him how innocent it was, and how happy his social glass would make us; but we could not move him.

"'Then let him go!' cried Tim, who had already drank some. In fact, all of us, but Jack, had drank more or less during the forenoon. 'Let him go. We don't want the mean fellow with us!'

"'That's it,' added Sam, with a bitter sneer, 'off he goes. If he's too good to drink with his shipmates, we don't want him.'

"'You misunderstand me,' said Jack, in a tone of pain. 'I am not too good to drink with you, in the sense in which you would take it. But I do not wish to drink at all.'

"'Too stingy—that's all,' said I, determined to make him drink if I could. But Jack looked at me so reproachfully as I said this, that I wished I had not spoken as I did.

"'If you wish to enjoy your nine, messmates,' said Small, at the same time rising from his chair, 'you can do so, but I beg you will excuse me. I will pay my share of the expenses for the dinner.'

"'And for your share of the wine,' said Tim, 'for we've ordered it for you.'

"'No,' returned Jack, 'I cannot pay for any of the wine—'

"'*Mean!*' cried two or three at a breath.

"'No, no, messmates, not mean. I will pay for the whole of the dinner—for every article you and I have had in the house, save the wine.'

And as he spoke he rang the bell. He asked of the waiter who entered what the bill was for the company, without the wine, and after the amount had been stated, he took out his purse to pay it, when Sam Pratt, who was our acknowledged leader, caught his arm.

"'No—not so,' said Sam. "You shall not pay for it, for we will not eat at the expense of one who will sneak out of a scrape in this way. We want nothing more to do with you, unless you will take a glass of wine with us.'

"'Very well,' said Jack; and as he spoke I could see that his lip quivered, and that he dared not speak more.

"He turned towards the door then, but before he reached it Tim Black ran and caught him, at the same time exclaiming:

"'May I be blessed if you go off so, any way. You've commenced, and now you've got to stick it out.'

"This was the signal for us to commence again, and once more we tried to urge Jack to drink the wine; and when we found that urging would not do, we commenced to abuse and scoff. We accused him of trying to step over us on board the ship, and of all other bad things of which we could think. For a while the poor fellow seemed inclined to let his anger get the upper hands; but at length he calmed himself, and stepping back to his chair, he said:

"'Shipmates, will you listen to me for a moment?'

"Silence gave consent, and in a moment more he resumed:

"'Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you what I had meant to keep locked up in my own bosom.'

"We had always thought, from Jack's manner, that there was something peculiar connected with his early life, and we were all attention in a moment.

"'My story is but a very short one,' he continued, 'and I can tell it in a very few words. From the time of my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man, and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood, and made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless was the first winter of my life to which my memory leads my mind. We had no fire—no food—no clothes —no *joy*—no nothing, nothing but misery and woe! My poor mother used to clasp me to her bosom to keep me warm, and once—once I remember—when her very tears froze on my cheek! O, how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could but just prattle, learned to pray, too. And I used to see that husband and father return to his home, and I remember how my poor mother cried and trembled.

"'When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters, and my freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children of my own age dressed warm and comfortable, and I knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along towards school. Those boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once, for my mother had told me how noble my own father could be if the accursed demon rum were not in his way; but the fatal power was upon him, and though he often promised, and though he often tried, yet he could not escape.

"'Time passed on, and I was eight years old, and those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never see another experience. At length, one cold morning in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way, when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it, and turned the head over and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father—and he was stiff and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!'

"Poor Jack stopped a moment and wiped his eyes. Not one of us spoke, for we had become too deeply moved. But he soon went on.

"'I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. O, shipmates, I cannot tell you how my poor mother wept and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped that icy corse to her heaving bosom, as though the world have given it life from the warmth of her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all powerful now. The two men went away, and left the body still on the floor. My mother whispered to me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. "My child," she said to me, and the big tears were yet rolling down her cheeks, "you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and happy and true as man can be, but O, see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, O, promise, here, before God and your dead father, and your broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never, never touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery."

"'O, shipmates, I did promise, then and there, all that my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some good, kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came I could work, and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship, and I did so, and every time I go home I have some money for my mother.

"'And now,' Jack continued, 'you know my story. Not for all the wealth of the whole world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. And, even had I made no such pledge I would not touch the fatal cup, for I know that I have a fond, doting mother who would be made miserable by my dishonor, and I would rather die than to bring more sorrow upon her head. Perhaps you have no mothers; and if you have, perhaps they do not look to you for support, for I know you too well to believe that either of you would ever bring down a loving mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge the wine-cup upon me.'

"As Jack thus spoke, he turned towards the door, but Tim Black stopped him.

"'Hold on, Jack,' cried Tim, wiping his eyes and starting up from his chair. 'You sha'n't go alone. I *have* got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine, for, by the love I bear her, I here swear that she shall never have a drunken son. I will drink no more!'

"'Give us your hand, Tim,' cried Sam Pratt. 'I'll go with you'

"I waited no more, but quickly starting from my chair, I joined the other two, and ere long whole five of us joined with Jack Small in his noble life-plan. We called for pen, ink, and paper, and made Jack draw up a pledge. He signed it first, and we followed him, and when the deed was done, I know we were far happier than we had been before for years. The wine upon the table was not touched, and the liquor we had drank during the forenoon was now all gone in its effect.

"Towards evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, for he had never known us to come off from a day's liberty sober. But when we had all come over the side and reported ourselves to him, his countenance changed. He could hardly give credit to the evidence of his own senses.

"'Look here, boys,' he said, after he had examined us thoroughly, 'what does this mean?'

"'Show him the paper,' whispered I.

"Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain. He took it and read it, and his face changed its expression several times, and at length I saw a tear start to his eye.

"'Boys,' he said, as he folded up the paper, 'let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live.'

"We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it in his pocket he came and took us each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I knew that the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no more had our envy, for he took hold and taught us in navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we all six were rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left not that noble-hearted captain until we left to become officers on board other ships.

"Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believe that the rest of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we all met—the whole six of us—at the Astor House, in New York, and not one of us had broken that pledge which we made in the hotel at Rio. Four of us were then commanders of good ships, one was a merchant in New York, and the other was just going out as American consul to one of the Italian cities on the Mediterranean.

"You now know why I do not drink wine with you, and of course you will not urge it upon me, nor take my refusal as a mark of coldness or disrespect."

Thus did Captain Richard Nutter close his story, and it made much impression upon us all. So much so, at any rate, that we touched not the wine on that evening, but drank cold water with him; and I know that on the next morning our heads were clearer, and our nerves more steady, from the experiment.

I have spent a long life in the rough places of earth, and I have seen enough to lead me to this simple conclusion: Were I to live my life over again, *I would never touch one drop of alcoholic liquor as a beverage.*

### A NEW CONTINENT.

The coral reefs of the Pacific Ocean have been, in part, measured, and are found to be of amazing extent, and a new continent is in process of formation. All the labor is accomplished by countless coral-insects; and if we wish to form some conception of their doings, we have but to remember that the coral formations of the Pacific occupy an area of four or five thousand miles, and to imagine what a picture the ocean would present were it suddenly drained. We should walk amid huge mounds which had been cased and capped with the stone these animals had secreted. Prodigious cones would rise from the ground, all towering to the same altitude, reflecting the light of the sun from their white summits with dazzling intensity. Here and there we should see a huge platform, once a large island, whose peaks as they sank were clothed in coral, and then prolonged upwards until they rose before us like the columns of some huge temple which had been commenced by the Anakins of an antediluvian world. Champollion has said of the Egyptian edifices, that they seem to have been designed by men fifty feet high. Here, wandering among these strange monuments, we might fancy that beings one hundred yards in stature had been planting the pillars of some colossal city they had never lived to complete. The builders were worms, and the quarry whence they dug their masonry the crystal wave. In the event of this vast extent of coral reef being upheaved, where or whence will the waves of the Pacific recede? Either the western shores of the American continent and away to the base of the Rocky Mountains will be submerged, or the shores of opposite Asia, for innumerable ages the cradle of man's development and civilization, will sink into the great abyss; and the ships of the inhabitants of this globe—when it adds ten thousand years to its age—will sail over and find no soundings where millions to-day toil in unresisting servitude, and where cities from gorgeous cupolas and storied palaces fling back the rays of the rising and the declining sun.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### THE EPICURE AND HIS COOK.

It is said that one of the Parisian eccentricities—and probably no city in the world can boast so many—who was a rich foreigner and a great epicure, lately took into his service a new cook.

"I will give you a salary of fifteen thousand francs," said he, after the preliminaries had been adjusted.

The cook bowed with a satisfied air.

"But you will pay for my doctor's visits and the apothecary's bill," continued the epicure.

The culinary artist manifested some surprise at this strange condition.

"All sickness," pursued the epicure, "arises from the cook;—especially with me, who have no passion but that of the table. It is for you, then, to compound your dishes in a healthful manner, although I wish to be well and savorily nourished. Work with intelligence. Study, combine, meditate, practice. It is to your interest to preserve my health."

"I will do my best," replied the cook.

"That is not all," added the eccentric employer; "I do not wish to become stouter or thinner, and naturally, that concerns you. My weight is now one hundred and seventy pounds, and if on this day a year it varies more than two pounds, which I allow for accident, I shall discharge you.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example will remain; and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigor and purity—just as the western sky, after the sun is set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

## Jester's Picnic.

A certain bishop ordered his servant one festival day to go to a butcher, whose name was David, for a piece of meat, and then come to the church where the bishop was to preach. The bishop in his sermon brought authorities from the scripture to prove his discourse, in this manner, Isaiah says thus—moreamiah says thus—Ezekiel says thus—at last happening to turn towards the door, just as his servant came in, went on, and what says David?

Upon which the servant roared out:

"David swears that if you do not pay what you owe him, you never need send to his shop again."

A sailor, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become nautical, said that just at the close of a dark night he was sent aloft to see if he could see a light. As he was no great favorite with the lieutenant, he was not hailed for some hours.

"Aloft there!" at length was heard from the lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Do you see a light?"

"Yes, sir."

"What light?"

"Daylight, by jingo."

"Bless my soul, Sambo, how black you are; how in the name of wonder did you get so mournful?" said a gentleman stopping at one of our hotels to one of its waiters, as he met him on the stairs.

Sambo grinned.

"Why, look'a here, massa, de reason am dis—de day dis child was born, dere was an eclipse."

Ebony received a quarter for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued:

"I tell you what it is, massa, dis nigger may be brack, but he aint green, no how."

When Lord Norbury was charging a jury, the address was interrupted by the braying of a donkey.

"What noise is that?" cried Lord Norbury.

"'Tis only the echo of the court, my lord," answered Counsellor Readytongue.

Nothing disconcerted, the judge resumed his address; but soon the barrister had to interpose with technical objections. While putting them, again the donkey brayed.

"One at a time, if you please," said the retaliating joker.

"Speaking of speed," said a wag the other day, "I reckon they travel some on the Hudson River Railroad; I stepped in the car at Albany, got fairly seated at Hudson, lighted my cigar at Poughkeepsie, spit out of the window at Peekskill, and hit a man at Sing Sing. The telegraph poles looked like a close picket fence, and going to the end of the train, I found we had a rope-walk and ten pin alley in tow, each filled with brick—both stuck straight out, like the tail of a kite, without touching the track—and were used merely to steady the cars."

The following notice has been posted in a town in northern New York:

A FARM FOR SAIL CONTAIN 80 ACR

this farm is Situvated in the town of ——— and State of N. york the land put being on hall Islant and being a grat fishen place and hunting for Bears and hairs and other gains the land is good tis a good place for a hotel Stand 38 West of West port- and 1 1 2 from a post office this plas can be bort on resnabel tirms

I—— Sube Skriber

At a large fire, "recently held" at a pianoforte maker's, an instrument worth one thousand dollars was burnt; it was inlaid with mother of-pearl and other costly decorations.

"Dear me," said a gentleman to the proprietor, "how was it they could not contrive to save that splendid instrument?"

"Why," replied the proprietor, who, being insured, could afford to joke, "the reason was that the engines could not play upon it, I am told."

An ingenious son of the Puritans, who emigrated to America that they might "catch fish and worship God," has invented a kind of "Love Letter Ink," which is an effectual safeguard against actions for breach of promise, as it fades entirely from the paper in two months. Another Yankee purchased a hundred boxes of the ink, for which he gave his note, payable in ninety days. The note attested the excellence of the ink, as at the end of the three months it was found to be only a piece of blank paper.

Lord Timothy Dexter was an odd soul. His eccentricities would fill a book. A neighbor of Lord Timothy observing him riding one morning with only one spur on, inquired the reason.

"Why, what would be the use of another," said his lordship. "If one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

"Dick, I say, why don't you turn the buffalo robe t'other side out?—hair is the warmest."

"Bah, Tom, you get out. Do you suppose the animal himself didn't know how to wear his hide? I follow his style."


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